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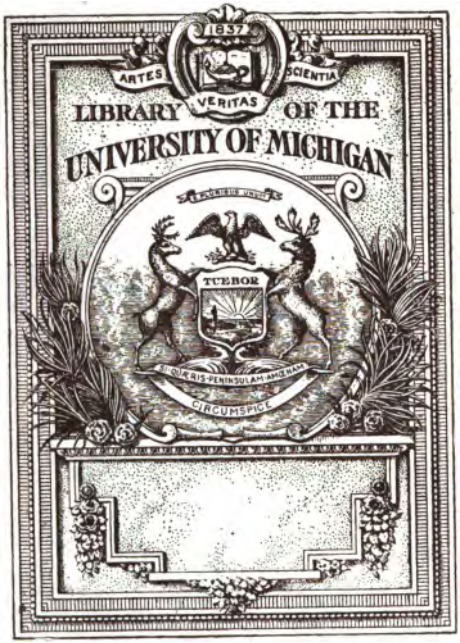
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TRIFLES IN VERSE:

A COLLECTION OF

FUGITIVE POEMS.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

CINCINNATI:
ROBINSON AND JONES.
1845.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1845,
By ROBINSON AND JONES,
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3 East Fifth Street.

To the Memory of One

NOW NO MORE,—

TO WHOM, LIVING, (IF TO NONE OTHER,)

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

HAD AFFORDED SOMETHING OF PLEASURE,—

A SISTER LOVED AND LOST,

ARE ITS PAGES INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF THE AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF

A BROTHER.

A FEW WORDS PREFATORY.

To the high and honoured title of Poet, in the legitimate sense of the term, the writer of the following pages makes no pretensions. Engaged, from his earliest youth, upwards, in a daily round of active mercantile pursuits, the "Trifles" which he thus offers to the public—the offspring of moments stolen from the desk of the banking-house and the counting-room—can, at the best, only entitle him to the more humble name of *Versifyer*. Conscious of his want of those qualifications which might justify him in seeking to enter the inner temple of the sacred Nine, he has but ventured to loiter around the base of the flowery mountain; contenting himself with occasionally gleaning—here, it may be, a weed, and there, perchance, a flower—from such by-nooks and out of the way corners of the field of Fancy, as had been passed over

by the more worthy and accredited gatherers of the golden-hued harvests of Parnassus.

From these gleanings (scattered freely from time to time, as gathered—the weeds with the flowers,) he has been led thus to attempt to cull a few of the latter, with the hope—vain and fruitless it may be—of weaving them into a simple garland, with which to grace the brow of the young and growing literature of the West. Whether in this attempt—hastily determined, and entered upon with no previous preparation, and in the midst of other daily occupations, which gave but little opportunity for that thorough rejection of the weeds, and careful pruning of the flowers, so necessary to set off an indifferent boquet to advantage—more of the one than of the other shall appear to have been bound together in this simple wreath, it must be for others now to determine.

With thus much of preliminary, the author now casts his little garland upon the stream of popular favour, to sink or swim, as its own weight and the laws of gravity may determine.

Cincinnati, October 1845.

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TRIFLES IN VERSE.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

They are jewels of the mind;
They are tendrils of the heart,
That with being are entwined—
Of our very selves a part.
They the records are of youth,
Kept to read in after years;
They are manhood's well of truth,
Filled with childhood's early tears.
Like the low and plaintive moan
Of the night-wind through the trees,
Sweet to hear, though sad and lone,
Are those "Olden Memories!"

Like the dim traditions, hoary,
Of our loved and native clime;
Like some half-forgotten story,
Read or heard in olden time;
Like the fresh'ning dew of even
To the parched and drooping flower;
Like the peaceful thought of Heaven,
In life's tempest-stricken hour;
Like the cadence of a song;—
Yet, oh! sweeter far than these
Are the thoughts that round us throng
With those "Olden Memories!"

In the solitude of even,
When the spirit, lone and dreary,
Turns from Earth away, to Heaven,
As the refuge of the weary;
In the dreamy twilight hour,
When the world is calm and still,
And light zephyrs fragrance shower
Over dewy vale and hill,
Oh! then, sweeter than perfume
Borne on aromatic breeze,
To the softened spirit come
Those dear "Olden Memories!"

In our days of mirth and gladness
We may spurn their faint control,
But they come, in hours of sadness,
Like sweet music to the soul;
And in sorrow, o'er us stealing
With their gentleness and calm,
They are leaves of precious healing,
They are fruits of choicest balm.
Ever till, when life departs,
Death from dross the spirit frees,
Cherish, in thine heart of hearts,
All thine "Olden Memories!"

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother! they say to me, that thou
  Beginest to grow old;
That Time, in furrows on thy brow,
  Hath placed his impress cold.
'Tis so!—yet dost thou still appear
  As young and fair to me,
As when an infant, Mother dear,
  I played upon thy knee!

They tell me, Mother! that thy cheek
  Hath lost that ruddy glow,
Of which so oft I've heard those speak
  Who knew thee long ago.
It may be so!—yet will I press
  That cheek with love as strong
As when in childhood's first embrace,
  Upon thy neck I hung!

They tell me many a charm, once fair,
Begineth to decay;
That thy once glossy, raven hair,
Is turning fast to gray.
Yet I each hoary tress revere,
Each charm, by thee possess'd,
As fair to me doth still appear,
As first my sight it bless'd!

And yet I know 'tis even so,
For time is hurrying on;
And those who live to bless us now,
Alas! will soon be gone.
And, Mother dear, it grieves my soul
To think that, day by day,
Thou'rt reaching nearer to thy goal,
And soon must pass away!

Mother! in sooth it filleth me
With sorrow, sharp and keen,
When I look back and think, to thee
How wayward I have been.
Oh! could I but live o'er again
My life from infancy,
I think how much of care and pain,
Mother! I'd spare to thee!

Ah! vain the wish!—for time, once gone,
Can never more return;
And, as it still is hurrying on,
Still onward we are borne.
And deeds once done, are done for aye,
Whate'er they may betoken;
And we may utter words to day,
Can never be unspoken!

But, Mother! though I cannot now
Recall the years long past,—
Remove the shadows from thy brow,
That time and grief have cast,—
Yet it may be my sweetest care
Each care of thine t' assuage;
And soothe thine every future year
Of earthly pilgrimage!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"There is a religion in all deep love, but the love of a MOTHER is the veil of softer light between the heart and the Heavenly Father!"

COLERIDGE.

A MOTHER'S LOVE!—Oh! never, sure,
Did sweeter or more tender feeling—
A love from earthly dross so pure,
Upon this sinful earth find dwelling:
A coin so free from base alloy—
Light emanating from above;
Angels might covet to enjoy
A Mother's holy Love!

A Mother's Love!—Oh! who can know
That depth of love a Mother feels,
When, bending in devotion low,
For her beloved ones she kneels.

For them, th' eternal Mercy Seat,
For choicest blessings she doth move;
How few e'er rightly estimate
A pious Mother's Love!

A Mother's Love!—Ah! not while we
In health, and strength, and spirits dwell,
Do we the deep intensity
Of a kind Mother's fondness feel:
But when disease hath laid us low,
Oh! then its richest depths we prove;
And never till then fully know
A Mother's patient Love!

Oh! who hath then the power like her,
Our every agony to soothe?
Whose hand so prompt to minister
To all our wants?—the pillow smooth—
Wipe the cold sweat from off the brow—
The suffering form most gently move?
A thousand tendernesses show
A Mother's watchful Love!

A Mother's Love!—Alas! how oft
A Mother's Love do we forget;
Her gentle warnings, kind and soft,
By us with pride or anger met.

Ah! did we feel how truly she
Doth thus her best affection prove,
We should in each reproof but see
A Mother's kindest Love!

A Mother's Love!—Thou who hast lost
That first, best guardian of thy youth,
Hast ever had thy memory cross'd
By her sweet tones of love and truth?—
Her gentle spirit hast thou deemed
Still hovering all thy steps above?
Oh then how bless'd a thing hath seemed
An ANGEL-MOTHER'S LOVE!

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

Sweet Sister, 'tis the hush of night!
The round, full moon, shines radiantly;
And that one star is beaming bright,
That ever best was loved by thee.
The world around, so calm, so still,
Seems but to breathe of peace divine;
Oh! on such night how memory will
Go back to thee, sweet Sister mine!

For like that star, serenely bright,
And radiant as yon silvery moon,
Sister! was thy young morning's light—
The light without the glare of noon!
And calm as is this summer scene,
And gentle as this holy eve,
Was all that lay of life between
Thy cradle and thy early grave!

I sit me down, and call to mind
  Thy quiet walk, thy gentle ways,
Till heart is full, and eyes are blind,
  So much I think to love and praise:
How oft, before thy guileless art
  And light caress, my cares have flown;
Now, thou art gone!—and this sad heart
  Must learn to bear its griefs alone!

True, 'tis not yet of all bereft—
  Light lingers still when day is gone;
And I have many a loved one left,
  But oh! not now the favourite *one!*
And as the soul, by anguish press'd,
  Will, in its joy e'en, sorrow see,—
So Sister, though with these still bless'd
  My spirit *will* yearn after thee!

TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

Departed one!—upon thy bier
No flowers of vain regret we strew;
But joy thou canst no longer here,
Sorrow, and pain, and anguish know.
Oh! not for thee should tears be shed,
To dim the pinion, pure and bright,
Of the redeemed spirit, spread
Rejoicing for its upward flight.

Yet tears were shed when thou didst die,
And loving hearts were bathed in wo;
And dimm'd was many a manly eye,
When thy fair form was stricken low.
If love devoted might retain
Its idol ever by its side—
Redeem from death those dear—oh! then,
Beloved one, thou hadst not died!

If tears availed to wake the dead—
If grief might call the lost-loved back—
For thee were tears unnumbered shed,
Our sighs were wafted on thy track:
Yet no!—In sorrow for our loss
Should we forget thy glorious gain?
Oh! what might tempt thy steps to cross
Again life's dark and toilsome main?

Should tears be shed for thee! who now,
In yon far Heaven of glory bright,
Art bathing thy celestial brow,
In floods of pure and liquid light?—
With the angelic host enrolled,
And sharing in their bless'd employ—
Who tune their harps of shining gold
To everlasting songs of joy!

In that bless'd world no tears can dim
The glory of the ransomed soul;
But joyous song of Seraphim
Through all undying ages roll.
Then should we mourn that thou art gone
From world like ours, where griefs abound,
To prove the brightness of that dawn,
Where never dark'ning cloud is found?

No! loved one, no!—upon thy bier
No tears of vain regret be shed;
We joy thou art no longer here,
With life's dark snares encompassed;—
That, with the loved of God, on high,
Thou dwellest in eternal day,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And grief and sighing flee away

ELEGIAC.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN NEWTON WILSON, OB. FEB. 23, 1844.

Another stricken from the roll of life!
Another added to the lost on earth!
Another joined to the innumerous host
Of every nation, kindred, tribe and tongue,
Who circle the Eternal Throne, and hymn
The praise of God and of the Lamb!

On earth
No more shall he make with us his abode;
Exposed to life's rude buffetings and storms,
Partaker with us of the toil and care,
The strife and turmoil of this mortal state!
No more for him shall wake the vernal Spring,
Vocal with melody of warbling birds;
No more smile Summer, redolent of flowers,
Or teeming Autumn, rich with golden store

Of Earth's outpourings in the lap of man;
No more bleak Winter's fierce and howling storm
For him shall darken all without, to make
Home's light within, by contrast, doubly bright!
For him—alas, for us!—on earth, no more
Shall be the converse sweet of loving friends,
Endeared by kindly intercourse—for them, no more
The warm outpourings of that heart, imbued
With kindness, meekness, gentleness and love!
Not now for him will Learning spread her page,
For him so eagerly who conned it o'er!
Or Science, with her rich and varied hoard,
Tempt the inquiring mind, which wearied not
Till now in the pursuit! Nor yet, for him,
That high and holy calling, which he sought:
To break the bread of life to hungry souls;
To clothe the naked with the robe of truth;
Reclaim the wandering—bind the broken heart,
And whisper peace and pardon to the lost;—
God's minister unto a dying world!

We mourn
That we on earth a friend have lost! We weep
That we shall see his face no more! And yet
In this would we rejoice:—That he has passed
From his frail tenement of earthly dust,
Home to the bosom of his Father, God!

His now the Father's many-mansioned house—
His the bright crown of glory—his the song
Of that high multitude, no man can number,
Of the redeemed, who stand before the throne,
And rest not, day nor night, to tune their harps:
To HIM that loved and washed them from their sins;
To HIM that made them kings and priests to GOD;
To HIM that sitteth on the throne—to HIM
Be honour, blessing, glory, might and power,
Forever and forevermore!

We joy
That he has gone where Death can never come,
For there no more is sickness! Not there shine
The sun by day, and the pale moon by night;
But GOD's own glory is his people's light!
There pain and anguish, sorrow, sin and wo
May never enter! Thirst and hunger there
Can come not—for the Lamb his flock will feed,
And to the heavenly fountains, pure and blest,
Of living waters lead—and GOD himself
Shall wipe away all tears from every eye!

SONNET.

DAVID BRAINARD AYDELOTT.

SHORT, passing pilgrimage was thine, dear boy,
Through the lone wilderness of this rude world;
Brief space alike, for thee the founts of joy
Were ope'd—at thee the darts of sorrow hurled;
Few years for thee, Spring's bubbling brooklets purled—
Shone Summer's sun—the teeming Autumn's prime,
Ere thy young spirit's pinions were unfurled
In glorious flight for that eternal clime,
Where come nor heat, nor cold, nor change, nor time!
Where the redeemed, with ever new delight
The praises of their God and Saviour hymn,
Himself their sun by day, their moon by night!
Such now thy task—our thanks for thee we give
Who thus, in dying, but begin'st to live!

THOU ART GONE.

Thou art gone!—to thy last long rest,
To that quiet and peaceful home,
In the high abode of the holy bless'd,
Where sorrow may never come!
Where sighing and tears are done—
Where labour and toil are o'er—
Where sickness and pain and ills are none,
And where Death itself is no more!

Thou art gone!—from a world of sin,
Of sorrow, of care and wo,
To a realm where sin may not enter in,
And where sorrow they never know!
From a clime where, by cold and heat,
Our spirits are ever tried,
To that perfect world where the just shall meet,
From earth's dross all purified!

Thou art gone!—and our tears must flow,
That we thus are called to part;
And though our loss is thy gain, we know,
Yet the drops of grief *will* start!
But we give thee to God, in trust
That our hope is not in vain—
When the final trump shall awake the dust,
In Heaven to meet thee again!

THE LAND BEYOND THE SKY.

When Grief's dark clouds o'ershade us,
And turn our day to night—
Dim skies, that Hope portrayed us,
As ever fair and bright;
When here the tempest lowers,
And fly the friends we love
From earth, to fairer bowers
Of yon bright world above;
When pleasures fled entreat us
Seek those that will not fly;
When disappointments meet us;
How sweet to lift the eye,
Where Faith presents, to greet us,
The land beyond the sky!

When those we trust deceive us,
And turn our trust to shame;
When friends, beloved once, leave us
To mourn th' inconstant flame;

When Fortune's frowns, which make us
No more their light desire,
Bid summer-flies forsake us,
Like frost before the fire;
When wealth and splendour garish
No real joys supply;
From earthly hopes that perish,
Our spirits long to fly,
Where holier trusts we cherish—
The land beyond the sky!

And oh! when here o'ershades us
The dark destroyer's wing;
When anguish fell, invades us,
With keenest, sharpest sting;
When dearest ones have left us,
To seek the grassy shade—
By Death's cold hand bereft us,
In the lone churchyard laid;
When sweetest ties are riven—
We check the murmuring sigh;
The lost will back be given,
Where they no more can die;—
The parted meet—in HEAVEN,
The land beyond the sky!

QUEENLY RESIGNATION.

When the present Queen of France was informed of the death of her favourite daughter, the Princess Marie of Wirtemberg, she uttered this touching exclamation:—"My God, I have a daughter less, but thou hast an angel more!"

A QUEEN is in her marbled hall,
With royal honours crowned;
And jeweled dames attend her call,
And menials wait around:
And all that rank administers—
Wealth, honour, royalty, are hers!

A King her fitting partner stands,
And Princes are her sons;
And daughters fair, in distant lands
Reign, kingly-chosen ones;
While others still are springing up
Fair buds of loveliness and hope!

For her, with pomp of queenly life,
Domestic pleasures blend;
A mother loved—a cherished wife—
At once the Queen and friend:
Nor better served, than loved, is seen,
That wife and mother—friend and Queen!

Oh! where were mortal found, whose bay
Of pride might greener prove?—
Or who, than she more boldly say,
"My mountain shall not move!"
Where look for proud and haughty mien,
If not in her, that lofty Queen?

A messenger!—he comes to bear
A tale of grief and wo;
A daughter, beautiful and fair,
By Death is stricken low;
A jewel from her crown is fled;
Her child—her best belov'd, is dead!

That Queen!—how beareth she the stroke?—
Meekly she bows her head;
Her gentle spirit, bruised, not broke,
Resigneth thus the dead:—
"A child beloved, *less* is *mine*,
AN ANGEL MORE, MY GOD, IS THINE!"

THE DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

So fade earth's loveliest flowers, and die!
While those less fair still greet the sight;
So flits athwart the evening sky,
The brilliant meteor's transient light—
Which for a moment meets our gaze,
Then leaves us but the stars' pale rays!

As the pellucid drop of dew,
From Heaven distilled, is by the sun
Borne back again to Heaven's own blue,
While earthly streams still onward run—
Are Angels called to seek their kind,
While souls less pure are left behind!

E'en as the fierce and talon'd bird
Of prey, that soars the woods above,
Scorning the common chattering herd,
Lights on the meek and peaceful dove,—
Does Death, stern tyrant, for his food
Select the gentle and the good!

I had a young friend once:—a girl
Scarce "sweet sixteen"—of grace so rare
She would have charmed the veriest churl,
She was so delicately fair
Of face and form!—To these she joined
The fairer beauties of the mind!

She was a being all too kind,
Too good and gentle for this earth;
She was, as some bless'd angel-mind,
To other worlds that owed its birth,
A mortal tenement were given;
But half of earth, the rest of Heaven!

Oh God! I deemed that one so fair,
So young, so lovely, could not die!
I thought not ever Death would dare
On such as her to cast his eye!
But, gazing on a Seraph here,
Forgot that *this* was not her sphere!

She died:—Consumption for its prey
  Had marked her fair and fragile form;
She faded, drooped, and pass'd away,
  In all her loveliness and charm,
To her last slumber, lone and deep,
Gently as infant sinks to sleep!

Yet as the gem, which once in earth
  Lay all unnoticed and unknown—
Thence taken, shines in priceless worth,
  The brightest jewel of the throne,—
Hath that pure angel-spirit gone
To sparkle on th' ETERNAL CROWN!

THUS WOULD I DIE.

"I would give out my being amid flowers, and the sight of meadowy fields, and the chant of birds. Death, at such a time, and in such a place, would be almost a reward for life."

COLERIDGE.

I WOULD not die 'mid the bustle and din
Of the noisy and haunted retreats of Sin;
I would not die 'mongst the heartless crowd
Of the worldly and cold—of the rich and proud;
Oh! not where the outcasts of earth resort,—
Where Vice and Misery hold their court,—
Where the sun dimly shines, and the murky air
Is tainted with sorrow, and sin, and care,—
Not *there* would I die!

I would not die 'mid the revel and song
Of the city, where Pleasure's gay votaries throng;
Not there!—not there, where the thousands reside—
I would not die where so many have died!

And I would not—I would not be buried there,
Where the sun cannot shine upon nature fair;
And where, at morn and eve is not heard
For matin and vesper, the carol of bird—
Not *there* would I die!

But oh! might I choose, my being I'd yield
In sight of the waving, meadowy field;
I would die in the bloom of the beautiful spring,
When the earth is just clad in her blossoming!
Oh! leaving then this cold world of ours,
Calmly I'd rest 'neath the wild-wood flowers;
And where, on each tree-top's leafy limb,
Sweet birds might carol my requiem,—
Oh! *there* would I die!

I would die in the free and open air,
With nature around me all fresh and fair;
Where the song of the wild-bird, high and clear,
Might sweetly fall on my closing ear!
And oh! I would utter my latest hours
'Mid the perfume sweet of the fragrant flowers;
The earth my pillow—the clear blue sky
Last object to meet my closing eye,—
Oh! THUS would I die!

SUMMER EVENING MELODY.

"It is the hour, when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour, when lover's vows
Are sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear!"

'Tis gentle eve! and night draws near;
The golden orb of day is set;
And, one by one, the stars appear,
Bright gems in Heaven's own coronet;
While, sparkling in her silvery sheen,
Sails beauteously night's radiant queen!

The hum of busy life is o'er;
The noise and turmoil of the day
Fall on the listless ear no more,—
The very winds have died away;
A holy calm is in the air,
As spirits bless'd were slumbering there!

Afar, through dimmest ether borne,
A liquid murmuring seems to float,—
Soft as the faintest ray of morn,
And soothing as the gentlest note
Of melody to ravished ear,—
'Tis music from the upper sphere!

'Tis meet, on night so fair as this,
To list to strains, as sweet as those
Which erst, in Eden's paradise,
Lulled our first parents to repose!
Such did the morning stars employ
When they "together sang for joy!"

Oh! ever, upon night like this,
Borne down beneath life's weighty load,
I think me, thus how pure the bliss
To yield the spirit back to God!
Its requiem from yonder sky,
Those strains of Heaven's own minstrelsy!

BIRTH-DAY STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BEST FRIEND.

"To day is my birth day! Shall I live to see another? Who knows, and—who cares?"

FROM MY DIARY.

ANOTHER, yet another!—Still
They swell like wave on ocean wave;
And I shall soon have climbed that hill
Whose sole descent is to the grave!
Another mile-stone have I passed,
Upon this toilsome road of strife;
And it perchance may stand—THE LAST,
To mark my journey's end in life!

My Birth-Day!—How that word to mind
Recalls the time my boyish sense
First swelled with fancies scarce defined,
Of coming manhood—ages thence!

Alas, the change! now, that which seemed,
Before me spread, an age's space—
Looked back upon, is scarcely deemed,
A hurried heat in life's short race!

My Birth-Day!—"Shall I live to see
Another?" I have elsewhere asked;
And there have many been, like me,
With this same thought themselves have tasked:
Yet *cui bono?*—Still, like me,
No wiser they, than e'en before;
For—"that which is to be will be;"
Thus much we know, and can no more!

Yet this at least, I fain would know—
Not if my death be far or near,
But when it comes, if—is it so?
There yet is *one* will something care:
I would not have the many grieve,
When here my earthly course be run;
But yet 'twere joy, when I should leave,
To think that I were missed by one!

There are indeed full many—those
I have grown up beside, from youth—
Whom I should deeply mourn to lose;
And yet—and yet, in very sooth,

I could not feel, if this day's sun
To any such the last should be—
I had lost *all*, in losing one,
As I should feel in losing THEE!

For thou indeed hast proven for me,
That which too many have professed;
Nor can they marvel that to thee
My spirit, wearied, flies for rest:
Vain now their efforts to beguile,
No farther would I seek to roam;
Since, in the sunshine of your smile,
My houseless heart hath built its home!

In troops of followers and friends
There have been those who made their boast;
I bless the fortune *one* that sends,
Not lightly gained—as lightly lost!
And while one such my friend I call,
I am content—upon my bier,
When I am dead, assured will fall
At least one kind, regretful tear!

OUR YOUNGER, HAPPIER DAYS.

Our younger days! those happy days!—
  Can happier ever be?—
When youth's first unbeclouded rays
  Light up the spirit, free
From all the thousand after cares
  Of this bewildering maze;
As yet the heart nor knows, nor fears,
  In younger, happier days!

Our younger days!—Oh! then the earth
  Is robed in richer green;
And sweeter flowers have fairer birth
  Than any *after* seen!
And bluer skies are spread above,
  And brighter sunshine plays,
To lighten up the days we love,—
  Those younger, happier days!

Our younger days!—In childhood's bowers
The spirit, free as air,
Knows not the weight of weary hours,
Press'd down with grief and care!
And youth's first friends!—the faithful few,
Whose worth we love to praise;—
Where now are friends like those we knew
In younger, happier days?

Our younger days!—Oh! when the heart
Is sick with grief and pain,
How do our longing thoughts revert
To those bright days again!
The warrior would his laurels give,
The poet all his bays,
In childhood's home once more to live
Those younger, happier days!

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"Wherever, oh man! God's sun first beamed upon thee—where the stars of Heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country!

"Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy country!"

ARNDT.

WHERE'ER, oh man! was first imbibed
Thy vital, Godlike spark of life;—
Where first with feelings undescribed
Thy dawning intellect was rife;—
Where'er the glorious light of Heaven
Athwart thy vision first did gleam;—
Where first the starry gems of even
Shed o'er thy steps their gentle beam;—
Wherever else those steps may roam,
That is thy Country—*there* thy Home!

Where first thy God his power displayed
In awful glory through the skies;—
Where rolled his thunders o'er thy head,
His lightnings flashed before thine eyes;—
Where first he stood to thee declared
God of the whirlwind and the storm;—
Where first his awful power appeared
Omnipotent to bless or harm;—
Wherever else thy steps may roam,
That is thy Country—*there* thy Home!

Where first to watch thy peaceful rest,
Kind hearts and loving eyes bent o'er thee;—
Where first, upon a mother's breast,
With joy and pride thy mother bore thee;—
Where met thine opening eye and ear
Bright skies and joyous song of birds;—
Where first thy father's pious care
On thy young heart graved wisdom's words;—
Wherever else thy steps may roam,
That is thy Country—*there* thy Home!

And though it were a desert—yet
Dear to thy heart that spot shall prove;
That HOME thou never canst forget—
That COUNTRY never cease to love;

And wheresoe'er thy steps may turn,
  Oh! restless wanderer o'er the earth,
With love thy bosom still shall burn
  For that dear land that gave thee birth;—
Wherever else thy steps may roam,
That is thy Country—*there* thy Home!

THE AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

My native land! where'er I roam, my thoughts still
turn to thee,
Like the lover's to his mistress, or the sailor's to the sea!
'Mid the fairest foreign climes that my footsteps wan-
der o'er,
I think me of a fairer, I have trodden long before;
Where may we find a land so fair as that which first
we knew,
Where breathe as pure, as free an air, as that which
first we drew!

O'er every scene that's beautiful—o'er landscapes rich
and rare,
I cast my eye, to turn and sigh, as I think on scenes
more fair;
As I think me of my native land—the spot that gave
me birth,
To me the loveliest land and spot on all this lovely
earth!

Oh! never do we feel till called from that dear place to roam,
How much of bliss is garnered up in the sweet spell of HOME!

I've roved the bright and sunny clime of fair Italia's land,
Through orange groves and myrtle shades, by gentlest zephyrs fanned;
Soft breezes, laden with perfume of odours rich and rare,
I've breathed — yet even there have sighed for my native mountain air;
That mountain air, though wild and rude, yet oh! more dear to me
Than fair Italia's balmiest breeze—*it blows upon the free!*

I've mingled in the gayest scenes of fair and sunny France,
With the high born and the beautiful, in gay *salon* and dance;
Yet as I gaze on beauteous forms, in every land I roam,
They mind me but of fairer far, whom I have left at home:

For who, how fair soe'er they be, as beautiful may seem,
As they whose loving eyes on us with fond affection beam?

I've looked on Nature's noblest works—her scenes beyond compare
Or, grand and awfully sublime; or, picturesquely rare;—
Alps upon Alps, their snow capp'd heads and glaciers towering high,
Whose lofty summits seemed to give a pathway to the sky!
And though God's handiwork in them 'twas marvellous to see,
My native hills were then a sight, more welcome far to me!

I've floated down the classic streams of Greece and Palestine—
From palm-lined Jordan and the Nile, to western Seine and Rhine;
And still, as down each lovely stream my bark would gaily glide,
I've thought:—Oh! would I were but on my own Ohio's tide!

Although they boast no classic lore, the shores it proudly laves
Are not, like those I here behold, the soil of serfs and slaves!

Oh! sad the thought:—In these fair lands where Freedom had her birth,
Dwell the down-trodden—the enslaved—the byword of the earth;—
That Freedom's holy altar thus is desecrated here,
And shrines to Despotism given, to Liberty so dear;—
That lands which once Leonidas and Brutus their's might boast,
The memory of their names have now degenerately lost!

Hence, though they be in sunny skies and classic ruins dress'd,
I long to breathe my native air, to tread my own free West!
And stronger grows the feeling, with each day and hour I roam—
No land is like our native land—no country like our home!
America!—my native land!—my thoughts still turn to thee,
Like the lover's to his mistress—like the sailor's to the sea!

A SONG OF SEVENTY-SIX.

A SONG to the men of the olden time!—
The days of our fathers, when
Submission to tyrants was deemed a crime—
Ah! those were the days of MEN!
A pledge to the brave! who dared to crave
And to fill—each martyred one—
A freeman's death, and a freeman's grave,
At Bunker and Lexington!

A health to the bold and fearless men,
Of purpose firm and high—
With hearts to dare, and with hands to pen
Our Charter of Liberty!
Oh! never, while bears that scroll one name
Their hands dared there to affix,
By us be forgotten the deeds or the fame
Of the SIGNERS OF SEVENTY-SIX!

AMBITION—TRUE AND FALSE.

"By this sin fell the angels."

"Yet press on,
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
You shall look down on monarchs!"

N. P. Willis.

Methinks it were a glorious theme
For Godlike minstrelsy—
That bright, e'en though delusive dream,
From which how few are free;
That soul-consuming phantasm—Fame!
The burning wish to win a name
To Immortality;
A name for nations to adore,
When he who won it is no more!

I do not mean that evil fire
  The world has oft appalled,—
Insane Ambition's fell desire
  For glory, falsely called;
That thirst for power—the lust of sway,
By which great Cæsar in his day
  A universe enthralled,
When, on Rome's Capitoline Hill
He stood—Rome's only law his will!

I speak not of the sullied fame
  Of him of Macedon;
Though linked in history *his* name,
  With thrones and empires won;
With monarchs subject or dethroned—
Nations that his allegiance owned
  From east to setting sun;
Till, this world subject to his will,
He wept for more to conquer still!

Nor of the lurid lustre thrown
  By chivalric Romance,
Round him of *modern* Macedon,—
  Imperial, conquering France:

For, hark! as rolls from battle-plain
The dying groans of myriads slain,
  How burst we from the trance!
How dim his deeds of evil name
The glorious lustre of *his* fame!

Not such as these the fame to choose,
  Would true Ambition teach;
Not such as theirs the means to use
  That lofty height to reach!
Sad is the lesson, dark and stern,
From the impartial page we learn
  Which tells the fate of each:
Ah! who would fill a despot's throne,
His hated memory to own?

How fell from his imperial height
  To deeper depths below,
The Corsican's all-daring flight,
  Historic page will show;
It tells—Macedon's mighty king
Died in his drunken revelling;
  And Cæsar's fate we know—
He through a thousand battles pass'd
To die a tyrant's death at last!

But turn to those—th' immortal few—
The *good* as well as *great;*
And who—as rise before his view,
Devoid of pomp or state,
A Howard's deeds—a Franklin's name,—
That burns not with the wish, their fame
For good, to emulate?—
Deems not the love that hallows them,
More worth than regal diadem?

Who feels not—in his country's cause,
Oh! nobler 'twere to die,
Than live, a despot issuing laws
From fields of conquest high?
And who—that boasts a freeman's name—
With all Napoleon's lurid fame,
Would give, in history,
For ten such—had France more than one—
The memory of our WASHINGTON!

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY.

"To hold a fellow man and brother enthralled and depressed, thus affecting him and his dependent children injuriously, is against my feelings, and contrary to my sense of duty. Being satisfied that you cannot pay me, and that you would if you could, I hand you your note enclosed, *cancelled*."

B. URNER TO S. PIKE.

WELL done, and nobly! noble-hearted man!
Great is, and shall be, thy reward! Ne'er yet
Did deed like thine—deed generous as just—
Fall to the ground and die; but, like good seed
Scattered on fruitful soil, it yet sprang up,
And to the generous sower yielded back
Fruit more than hundred fold!

Thou hast it now:—
In the self-plaudit of an honest heart—
In the approval of thy fellow men—
And in *their* blessings whom thyself hath bless'd!

It shall be thine more richly still, hereafter;
It shall not fail thee in the eye of HIM
This great abiding precept who hath given—
"Whate'er ye would that others do to you
Even so do ye to them!"

One deed like thine
Than hundred tongues is better; and will teach—
More than proud schools of vague Philosophy,
Or all the prosings dull of harsh Divines—
True faith and meekness, charity and love;
And that forgiveness, without which, in vain
We look to be forgiven!

Oh! would that all
The universal brotherhood of man
The great Instructor's lesson so might learn,
That each, beholding in his fellow worm
A friend and brother in distress, should show
Such kindness, gentleness and love towards him,
As HE hath shown to us! So were we now
Meet denizens of a brighter, better world;
And earth itself were but another name
For blessedness and Heaven!

CHERISH THY FRIENDS.

Oh! cherish, in thine heart of hearts,
The friends whom thou hast tried;
Those who have stood from childhood up
Still faithful at thy side!
Thy chosen brothers of the soul,
The trusted and the true;
Cherish them! if thou *many* hast—
Yet more, hast thou but *few!*

Cherish thy Friends!—Oh! never let
A light and hasty word—
An idle jest, misunderstood—
Some phrase, perchance half heard—
A fancied slight—offence ne'er meant,
Thy kindly feelings change;
And never let the evil-tongued
Thy friend from thee estrange!

Cherish thy Friends!—If e'en, perchance,
Too lightly led astray,
Thy friend shall give thee just offence,
Still cast him not away:
Deal kindly with him!—So shall yet
His soul to thee return;
And friendship's flame, rekindled, long
With added lustre burn!

To err is but the mortal lot—
To pardon the divine!
Canst thou forgive not?—then is naught
Of the true Godlike thine!
And *thou*—if thou art conscious, just
Offence thou'st given a friend,
Let no false pride prevent thy soul
From making due amend!

This world is but a weary world,
And friends at best but few;
Yet what were earth, had we not *some*—
The trusted and the true?
Oh! thou who hast a friend approved—
Till life's last sands shall roll,
Grapple as with the hooks of steel,
That friend unto thy soul!

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Woman, in her sphere of action, describes a smaller circle than man; but it should be remembered that the perfection of a circle consists—not in its dimensions, but in its correctness."

HANNAH MORE.

"She filled her woman's sphere on earth."—A. B.

"HER WOMAN'S SPHERE!"—and tell us, thou
To whom our hearts in reverence bow—
Thou who so well dost fill it here—
Say how could nobler sphere be given,
This side the white-robed choirs of Heaven,
Than, rightly filled, is "Woman's Sphere?"

Where lieth "Woman's Sphere?"—Not there,
Where strife and fierce contentions are;
Not in the bloody battle-field,
With sword and helmet, lance and shield;
Not in the wild and angry crowd,
'Mid threatenings high, and clamours loud;

Not in the halls of rude debate
And legislation, is *her* seat;
Nor yet in scenes of weak display—
Of vanity, with its array
Of pride and selfishness—not *here*
Lieth true-hearted "Woman's Sphere!"

What then is "Woman's Sphere?"—The sweet
And quiet precincts of her home;
Home!—where the bless'd affections meet,
Where strife and hatred may not come!
Home!—sweetest word of mother-tongue,
Long since in verse undying sung;
Home!—of her holiest hopes the shrine,
Around which all her heart-strings twine;
There—loved and loving—safe from fear,
Lies ever Woman's noblest Sphere!
There her's it is a power to wield,
'Gainst which the warrior, with his shield,
And lance, and sword, were weaponless—
The Godlike power to save and bless!
To save—the erring from his sin,
And back to paths of virtue win;
To bless—in every stage of life,
As Mother—Daughter—Sister—Wife!

As Mother!—Sweet and holy tie,
First known, best loved in infancy!
From her our vital breath we draw;
Her gentle looks our infant law;
Her love our refuge in alarm;
Her watchful care our shield from harm;
Her lessons the first precepts given
To form for earth, and fit for Heaven:
Her love—unselfish—ever known
To seek our interest, not her own—
Through all this changing scene extends;
With life begun—with death but ends!

As Daughter!—'Tis upon her laid
To be the aged mother's aid—
The staff that she shall lean upon,
When weight of years hath bowed her down;
In one the varied ties to blend
Of child, companion, helper, friend;
Repay in thousand gentle ways,
The love that crowned her childish days;
From thousand cares of age to save
And smooth life's pathway to the grave;
And Heaven's benignest gifts are shed,
Ever on such a daughter's head!

As Sister!—He who doth not prove
Her kindness, cannot know its worth;
How all unselfish that pure love
That in a sister's heart hath birth!
Playmate! companion up from youth!
Gentle and sympathizing friend!
Whose lips like hers, with faithful truth,
So well can kind persuasion blend?
Thou who hast such—that long on earth
She may be spared thee, kneel and pray!
Such too had I—nor knew her worth,
Till she was called from earth away!

But more than all 'tis hers, as Wife,
To wield her mightiest influence still;
To check and temper manhood's strife,
And mould his purpose to her will:
For where is he who does not feel
That he could burst the bands of steel,
Sooner than wound that faithful heart,
Of his own more than self a part—
Refuse submission to her sway,
Whose rule 'tis pleasure to obey—
Or spurn the gentle thraldom known,
To seek his happiness alone!

Oh! Woman hath, in every phase,
Controlling influence o'er our ways;
But chief, as man's companion high
'Tis hers to shape his destiny!
And from that day our parents erst
Were driven from Eden's blissful shade—
When both had fallen—yet Woman first;
Man, by *her* weakness then betrayed—
All potent still, for good or ill,
Hath been the force of Woman's will;
And mightier, with each added year,
Grows Woman's power in "WOMAN'S SPHERE!"

MARY.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

MARY!—it is a gentle name,
And they alone should bear it,
Whose gentle thoughts and kindly deeds
Proclaim them meet to wear it.
MARY!—the first of whom we read
Is in the Sacred Word:
The blessed Virgin, undefiled,
The mother of our Lord!

'Twas MARY to the Saviour knelt
And washed his feet with tears,
Sincere repentance when she felt,
For sins of other years;
With pity touched, the Saviour said,
"Thy sins be all forgiven!"
And she who knelt a sinner, rose—
MARY—a child of Heaven!

MARTHA, we learn, remained at home,
"Troubled with many things,"
While MARY ran in haste to meet
Her Lord, the King of kings:
And He, who truly read each heart,
Jesus, of her did say,
"MARY hath chosen that good part
Which shall not pass away!"

And when the Lord of Heaven became
The lowly, crucified,
Three Marys stood around the cross,
And wept when Jesus died:
'Twas MARY sought at early dawn
The tomb from whence he brake;
And hers the first recorded name
The risen Saviour spake!

Then, MARY, let it be your aim
To keep these still in view;
And as you bear their gentle name,
Possess their graces too!
Be meek and lowly—pure in heart—
Be every sin abhorred;
Like MARY—choose the better part,
And early seek the Lord!

TO A CHILD AT PLAY.

"A beautiful and laughing thing,
Just in his first apparelling
Of childish loveliness!"

Thou fair and lovely boy!
Bright bud of beauty and of hope,
Which thus upon our eyes doth ope,
Radiant with mirth and joy!—

Now clambering on my knee,
With spirit buoyant as the air,
And brow from every shade of care,
And heart from sorrow free:—

How doth it joy my heart,
To see thee frolic thus, sweet boy,
In very wantonness of joy,
Happy, as thus thou art!

Would grief might ever fly
As lightly o'er thy head as now;
That care might never cloud thy brow,
Nor sorrow dim thine eye!

But that, indeed, I know
'Twere vain to wish—such were a lot
An all-wise Providence gives not
To mortal here below:

But oh! dear boy, may all
The blessings which a God, all-wise
And good, may shower from the skies,
Ever upon thee fall!

And, come what troubles may—
Whatever ills betide,—may He
Who orders all things well, to thee
"Give strength, as is thy day;"—

And, when this life is o'er,
Translate thee to that "better land,"
Where sin and sorrow come not, and
Where death shall be no more!

TO MYRA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

"Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm
Thy being if I could—that it should be
Even as now thou deemest, and flow on
Thus innocent and beautiful, to Heaven!"

WILLIS.

For thee, my fair and gentle friend!
On this, thy joyous natal day,
Shall kindest words and wishes blend,
To frame the tributary lay.

Sweet child!—thus innocent and fair!
If ever grief, and pain, and care,—
In world like this, where griefs abound,
And aught save care is scarcely found,—
If these, could wish, or prayer of mine
Avert from every path of thine,—

Each thought, each wish should upward tend,
In prayer to HIM—th' almighty friend,
That never care or grief should be
In life thy tearful destiny!

I would that ever, o'er thy head,
Lightly as now might griefs descend;—
Ever, beneath thy fairy tread,
Life's thorny cares as gently bend;
I would thy life might ever be
Like some sweet, flowing melody,
Whose strains, ethereally soft
As music of the spheres at even,
In murmuring cadence borne aloft,
Should sweetly die away in Heaven!

MARY'S LOVE.

When on my lot, with face unkind,
Doth Fortune most severely frown,
I bear me still a cheerful mind,
Nor let her cast my spirits down:
Though she's severe, I'm blithe and gay,
Not all her frowns my soul can move;
For to myself this charm I say—
I—I am bless'd with Mary's Love!

And while that source of bliss is left—
Whatever ills in life betide,
I care not:—though of friends bereft—
Save her, I care for naught beside:
And though I be nor rich, nor great,
I count myself all kings above;
Nor would I give for all their state,
The nobler prize of Mary's Love!

When loss I meet—oppressed by care—
When e'en the friends I love grow strange,
Yet still a mind unmoved I bear;
For what care I for chance or change?
Since she I love—oh! thought of bliss!—
Loves me, no ills my soul can move;
In all my griefs, my joy is this—
I still am bless'd with MARY'S LOVE!

When on my couch of pain and wo
I lay me down, afflicted sore,—
When fell disease hath brought me low,
And gloomy death is at my door;—
One joy I have, which to my soul
A balm of healing then doth prove,
More potent than physician's dole;
'Tis this—I'm bless'd with MARY'S LOVE!

And when the stern command is given,
For Death to cast his fatal dart,
I'll raise my cheerful eyes to Heaven—
And even then, this faithful heart
One thought will cherish, strong in death,
Next to my hopes of Heaven above;
And dying, with my latest breath
I'll whisper—Bless'd with MARY'S LOVE!

MY BEAUTIFUL! MY OWN!

My gentle girl! my own one!—Still
To me whate'er betide
Through life of weal or wo—life's ill
I'll scoff at and deride:
I would not care, at me were all
Fate's shafts of malice thrown,
So long as thee, dear girl, I call
"My Beautiful! my Own!"

There may be maidens, love, on earth,
More fair than even thou;
And noble dames of loftier birth
Than thine, there are, I trow:—
But yet my own dear girl, above
The queen upon her throne
I prize thee, and thy gentle love;
"My Beautiful! my Own!"

There may be those of higher state
And fortune than are thine;
It might be that thy wealth were great,
Yet greater wealth were mine:
But who may richer treasures find—
More priceless gems be shown,
Than thine,—the jewels of the mind!—
"My Beautiful! my Own!"

There may be those more deeply skilled
Than thou, in musty lore;
There may be heads e'en better filled
With useful learning's store;
Yet learned enough for me thou art,
Nor learning hast alone,
But a gentle, pure, and loving heart—
"My Beautiful! my Own!"

There may be those in heavenly art,
To whom more gifts belong;
To fill the ear and flood the heart
With richest tide of song:
But dearer far is one fond word,
In thy low, gentle tone,
Than sweetest music ever heard—
"My Beautiful! my Own!"

There may be those by others deemed
More beautiful than thou;
But none to me have ever seemed
So worthy Love's pure vow:
Though many a form, with beauty warm,
And fairest face I've known,
Yet none to me but thou, may'st be
"My Beautiful! my Own!"

PSYCHE.

AN ENGRAVING IN AN ALBUM.

Beautiful Psyche!—On that face
Mine eyes, enchanted, linger long;
Ah! might I thence but steal one grace,
And weave it in this idle song!
Would God! I think, as on that brow
I fix my lingering gaze once more,
My soul* might ever be, as thou,
Thus fair, and innocent, and pure!

* Psyche—in the Greek signifying the soul.

SERENADE.

Good night!—Love, good night!
Eve over earth her mantle throws,
It is the hour for calm repose;
Sleep, dearest sleep, thy slumber bless'd,
While angels guard thy couch of rest:
Good night! good night!

Good night!—Love, good night!
Rest, while the gentle moon's bright beam
With silvery tint tips wood and stream;
And shine the stars, as if to keep
Their quiet vigil o'er thy sleep:
Good night! good night!

Good night!—Love, good night!
All blessed spirits ever over
Thy couch of slumber gently hover;
From every ill and harm to ward thee—
God, and good angels ever guard thee:
Good night! good night!

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee!—at MORN, my love!—
At earliest dawn of day,
While matin-bells do chime, above
My soul is sent, to pray—FOR THEE!

I think of thee!—at NOON, my love!—
My heart, each parted hour,
Pants, as the weary wandering dove,
To seek again its bower—NEAR THEE!

I think of thee!—at EVE, my love!—
'Mid scenes most bright and fair,
To thee my thoughts in sadness rove,
And sigh to wish me there—WITH THEE!

I think of thee!—at NIGHT, my love!—
When thou art gone to rest;
May all thy dreams be bright, my love!
Each gentle slumber bless'd—TO THEE!

MY MARY, O!

Fu' mony a lassie hae I seen,
In face and form a fairy, O!
Wi' ruby lip, and sparkling een,
But nane yet like my Mary, O!
'Tis no for her sweet face sae fair,—
Though beauty she's na wanting, O!
It is *the mind* forth beaming there
Mak's Mary sae enchanting, O!

Her bonny, bright, bewitchin' e'e,
Heaven's blue sae far surpasses, O!
Titania, there hersel' to see,
Wad brak' her lookin'-glasses, O!
Her wavy curls o' glossy hair
Sae sunny are, and gowden, O!
You'd swear the elves and fairies there,
Gay revels aye were hauden', O!

Her modest grace, her winsome smile,
A witchery are given, O!
Wad e'en frae Paradise beguile,
Or win a saint frae Heaven, O!
'Boon a', the kind and tender soul
My Mary dear possesses, O!
Mak's o' her charms, ae charming whole,
And crowns a' ither graces, O!

AN IMPROMPTU.

Addressed to a young lady who told the writer she had "a delightful dream" about him.

And didst thou dream, fair girl, of *me?*
And was the omen not unkind?—
How sweet the thought!—that I should be,
Though but in dreams, recalled to mind!
Yet what thy one stray dream of me,
To *my* rapt fancy's wild delight?—
The day one long sweet dream of thee,
In dreams repeated still at night!

LINES ON A MINIATURE.

It is her image!—Even as
  She stands before me yet,
Mirrored in Memory's faithful glass—
  When last mine eye she met:
The sweet expression of that face,
  The sadness of that brow,
So like—so true—that as I gaze
  I seem to see her now!

'Tis like, though silent—how unlike!
  I gaze upon it, till
I almost fancy speech it hath—
  That image, calm and still:
I breathe to it, in softest tone,
  Her gentle name, so dear;
And half expect to hear my own,
  Responsive, meet mine ear!

A thousand kisses on that cheek,
And on those lips I've press'd!
But, ah! not mine the sweet response
With which I once was bless'd:
And yet, though kisses back, the while,
I'd seek to win in vain,—
They seem to wear her well-known smile
Which bade me kiss again!

Oh! wondrous power of mighty art!
Whose magic can restore
Their forms, when those we love depart,
To sight and sense once more:
And *thou*, fair type of her, whose charms
Thou dost so well recall,—
We part not, till is in these arms,
Thy dear ORIGINAL!

RETURNING LETTERS.

I SEND thee back each gift and token
Of thine, in happier days, to me;
They mind me but of vows, now broken,
That once were fondly breathed by thee:
There was a time, I had not parted
With the most trifling gift of thine;
But *now*, with hope, the broken-hearted
May well all other gifts resign!

I send thee back each letter—glowing
With love I thought could never change;
Once fondly prized—now only showing
How Time the feelings may estrange:
There was a time, I had not bartered
Of these I send, a single line,
If all the wealth by kings e'er chartered,
In free exchange were proffered mine!

And even while I thus return them—
So dear was once each line to me,
Though worthless now—I cannot burn them,
And so I send them back to thee:
There was a time, I thought that, never
Save but with life, with them I'd part;
But Time the fondest ties will sever,
And I—am outcast from thy heart!

I send back all!—Ay! every token
Of thee, and of the love once thine—
Save memory of the vows we've spoken;
And would I could *that too* resign!
And *thou* hast lines I penned in gladness,
When, around Love, twined Hope her chain;
I ask them not;—'twould drive to madness
This heart to look on them again!

I ask but this:—Since with thee, stronger
Than love, is cold indifference grown,—
That there may be on earth, no longer
Of what *hath been*, a record known:
I would not that a single line
Should speak of hopes forever blighted;
I would not that one vow of mine
Were left to say by *thee* 'twas slighted!

And now, since we at last must part,
Kindly I bid thee thus—Farewell!
And oh! that I could learn the art,
Fabled, of yore, in Lethe's spell!—
That I could all the past forget!
But no!—For though we meet not still
As in the days gone by we've met—
I still must love thee, and I will!

TO A COQUETTE.

"Thou'rt false to me! Thou'rt false to me!
And pride shall teach me to forget!"

Ay! thou art false!—as false and fair
As yonder changing April sky;
Alas! that one with charms so rare
Should only seek to please the eye:
Like the deceitful fruits that grow
Around the Dead Sea's arid waste;
Which to the sight are fair as thou,
Yet dust and ashes to the taste!

LYRIC.

Oh! say, can it be, thou dost wholly forget
The days of our love and our youth—
Ere the sun of affection had over us set,
Or I ever had doubted thy truth?
Can it be that the light of thy life's early dawn
Is all lost in its mid-day's bright gleam;—
That where love, in thy vision of youth brightly shone,
E'en its record is now but a dream?

In the far-distant clime of the fair, sunny South,
Where the branching magnolia waves,
Dost thou mind thee no more the dear home of our youth,
And the streamlet it's border that laves?—
That stream on whose banks we delighted to rove,
That home where so oft we have met—
All the thousand sweet mem'ries of youth and first love,
Dost thou wish—canst thou hope—to forget?

Ah! never!—The rose we may tread in the dust,
But the sting of its thorn will remain;
The HEART—ah! too true! may be false to its trust,
But the MEM'RY its place *will* retain!
The sting of remembrance thou canst not remove—
Nor the waters of Lethe renew;
Thou hast cast off thine honour, thy troth-plighted love,
Hast thou parted with MEMORY too?

CAN I FORGET?

CAN I forget?—
The bright, the bless'd, the golden-winged hours,
When, hand in hand, we roved the sunny bowers
Of childhood's home;—or up the mountain's side,
Or by the streamlet's gently murmuring tide,
Gathered young Spring's first flowers—the fair wild-rose
And the blue violet, sweetest far that blows;—
Still nurturing, through each delightful hour,
Love's bud to blossom forth, a fairer flower!
Ah! no! not yet
Those days can I forget!

TIME'S TRANSFORMATION.

I KNEW—ere I had known yet care—
  Ah! that was many a year ago!—
A maiden, young and very fair,
  With bosom like the driven snow;
While o'er her neck her golden hair
  Waved with a sunny, graceful flow,
Just such as yours—and yet, not so,—
You are not she I used to know!

Young was she then—but fair fifteen—
  Why then, methinks, that age were you—
Her dress, it was a kirtle green,
  Her bonnet was of azure hue—
'Neath which, full often have I seen
  Peep two sweet eyes of softest blue,
Eyes such as yours;—yet sure—not so,—
You are not she I used to know!

Her manners were as frank as kind,
And gentle was she as the dawn;
A purer, or more generous mind
The Summer's sun ne'er shone upon;
And oft in you some trait I find
To mind me of the friend that's gone;
But still, methinks, it can't be so,—
You are not she I used to know!

And yet, at times, you seem to be
The counterpart of her I knew;
And in your walk, you step as she,
Erewhile, exactly used to do;
I've sometimes seen you look at me
With just such eyes of melting blue;
Till I have thought it might be so,—
That you *are* she I used to know!

For she was fair—well, so art thou!
She was admired—not more than you!
And still your sunny hair and brow
Seem e'en the very same I knew;
But yet—that love-forgotten vow!
She could not that, for *she* was TRUE!
Ah! now I feel, indeed, 'tis so,—
You *are not* she I used to know!

PRIDE AND CONSTANCY.

"I love my love!"

I LOVE—ah! all too well—a maid,
As purely chaste as Winter's snow,
On whose fair shrine my hopes were laid,
As on an altar, years ago:
With fond devotion, pure and strong,
To her I've given each gentler thought;
I've loved her well—I've loved her long,
While she—alas! she loves me not;
Yet still "I love my love," and I
Will love her, ever, till I die!

And yet, because "I love my love,"
As well, I wot, as mortal can,
Shall, therefore, I myself approve
Unworthy to be called A MAN?
Shall I, forsooth, still bow me down
Before the now forbidden shrine;

And calmly brook the chilling frown,
That scorns devotion true as mine;—
Because "I love my love," and I
Must love her, ever, till I die?

No!—if the fervent faith of years
Responsive passion may not move,
I would not win, by sighs and tears,
Her pity, where I sought her love!
I could not be the thing to kneel,
To fawn, to flatter still, and sue—
For all of earthly joy or weal,
Beneath yon Heaven's broad arch of blue:
And yet "I love my love," and I
Will love her, ever, till I die!

But if a simple tale of truth—
Of honest and warm-hearted love,
With every fibre woven, from youth,
May not suffice her heart to move—
I will not seek to win it more;
I then no further wooing may;
I have of vows no other store,
Than only this—to feel and say
That still "I love my love," and I
Will love her, ever, till I die!

TO HER OF THE HAZEL EYE.

"A form of life and light;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her, drawn
From May-time, and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay!"

WORDSWORTH.

MAIDEN of the hazel eye,
Fawn-like step, and raven hair—
Where a thousand graces lie,
Wild and wanton as the air;
By the brightness of those eyes,
That might shame the starry skies;—
By the darkness of that hair,
Houri-maid were proud to wear;—
By thy light and graceful form—
Step of yielding buoyancy—
Face, with soul of passion warm—
Heart, from shade of passion free;

By thy pure and gentle mind,
And thy manners, frankly kind;
By all the pretty vows of love,
  By lovers ever breathed in song,
Maidens' hearts to win or move;
  Maiden, thou hast done me wrong!

I have feelings—hopes and fears,
  Thoughts of dear and olden time,
Mem'ries fond of other years,
  When to love was not a crime,—
That would vent themselves in tears,
  Did I vent them not in rhyme:
I have penned such hastily,—
  Feeling warm, comes cold thought after!—
And thou readest them to me,
  Maiden fair, with jest and laughter!

Maiden! 'tis a weary world!
  Filled with pain, and grief, and sorrow;
Where smiles joy to-day—unfurled,
  Sorrow's wings may brood to-morrow:
"He who never felt a wound,
  At another's scars may jest,"—
Soon or later, will be found,
  Some stray dart to pierce his breast:

And since sorrow comes to all,
Should it ever come to thee,
Thou wilt then, perchance, recall,
Thoughts of *yesternight*, and *me!*

Yet think, maiden! not, that I,
By this gloomy prophecy
Of our sad and common lot,
Wish thee evil;—think it not!
This—the worst I ask for thee,
Take, I pray thee, now, from me:
That, if e'er, in after times,
Disappointment dark be thine—
And thy lone heart's saddened chimes
Steal from thee in idle line—
Then no other may *thy* rhymes
Read thee, as thou read'st me *mine!*

AN EPISTLE TO KATE.

"You are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curs'd!
But Kate! the prettiest Kate in Christendom!
Kate of Kate Hall,—my super-dainty Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!"

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

FULL five long years, my fairest KATE,
Have run their round of joy and wo,
Since first your sunny face I met—
Its fair possessor chanced to know;
Five years have passed—and in that time
We met and loved, fell out and parted;
And you are now "a flirt," and *I'm*—
Kind Heaven knows—aught but broken-hearted!

Five years ago! and I had been
Of your sweet self a chance beholder;
You then were sunny "fair fifteen,"
And I, perchance, some five years older:

I saw you, KATE! and straight resolved
To fall in love with you, instanter;
Fast then Love's phæton-wheels revolved,
For Love himself drove, in a canter!

And then came on the happy days,
And lightly sped the winged hours;
And life was sweet as poets' lays,
And Love's bright path was strewn with flowers:
Two short and happy years flew over,
Nor cast a shade upon your brow;
And I was bless'd—your favoured lover,
My own, my sole-beloved—thou.

And then, alas! a change came o'er us,
And doubts and jealousies were gendered;
And Love's light pinion drooped before us—
Himself almost his charge surrendered:
But yet not long the change I mourned,
For soon that cloud in air all vanished;
Love to his pleasing charge returned,
And doubts and jealousies were banished!

Another year of love was ours;
Another year of bliss was mine;
And all unnoticed flew the hours—
Unthought of, for each thought was thine!

Happy if I might revel then,
In the blue heav'n of thy dear eyes,
I dreamed not ever cloud again
Could dim the sunshine of those skies:

And yet a storm was gathering there,
Was soon to rive our hearts assunder;
Soon dark and murky grew the air,
And rolled the low and muttering thunder:
And then a mist—cold, damp and chilly,
Around us gathered, every side;
Where Love—a weakly child, and silly—
Stepped out, caught cold, alas! and died!

And we are strangers now, who were
Of friends and lovers, best and dearest;—
Oh! build thy hopes on empty air,
Sooner than trust Love's vows, sincerest!—
I loved you once, sincerely, KATE!
You vowed you ne'er could love another;—
Last week I met you in the street,
We coolly stared, and—*cut each other!*

Well! since it needs must be, dear KATE!
I'll give you up without repining;
For he's a fool, who to his fate
Submits not, but with tears and whining:

Yet once you loved me;—KATE! 'tis vain—
You know you did! then why deny it?—
I wish you'd love me so again;—
Now *can't* you—*won't* you?—KATE! DO TRY IT!

YOUTH'S FIRST LOVE.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!"

OH! do not say that youth's first love
Is all an idle dream;
That light and transient that will prove,
Which now so true doth seem;
Or say not—if a dream it is—
That not for good 'twas given;
For dream so sweet, so full of bliss,
Can only come from Heaven!

LOVE AT AUCTION.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!—For sale,
At auction to the highest bidders,
Without reserve—pray list the tale,
Ye "nice young men," and tender widows,—
A lot of sundries, of all sorts
Of gentle gifts, of love the token;—
Rings, chains, and cupids, darts and hearts,
Some sound and whole, some cracked and broken;

Watch-guards, watch-papers, and watch-seals;
Rings, plain and fanciful, in plenty;
Breast-pins, pen-wipers, and grace-quills;
With miniatures, perhaps some twenty;
Pincushions, fifty odd, or more;
Slippers, with love-knots, several pair;
Of Valentines, at least a score;
And some few hundred locks of hair!

And to begin the sale:—Here's this
  Small lot—a ring, with chain and locket,
All of pure pinchbeck—from a miss
  Who once drew largely on my pocket:
To balls, to concerts, to the play,
  And rides I freely used to treat her;
The cut direct, the other day,
  She gave me when I chanced to meet her!

Here is a little fancy seal,
  With Cupid flying to his mam, on;
The motto French—*Toujours fidele!*—
  That's French, I take it, for "all gammon!"
The girl who gave it me, next day
  Denied my suit with jest and laughter;
And with her cousin ran away,—
  Toujours fidele!—some three weeks after!

This was the gift of one I loved,
  God knows how fervently and truly!
I should have so, if she had proved
  One half the thing I thought her wholly:
She turned out but a fair coquette,
  And when she laid me on the shelf,
With this dark braid—I have it yet—
  Her gift, I thought to hang myself:—

I didn't though!—I laid it by
Until, with years, my love is cool;
And looking now upon it, I
Can wonder I was such a fool:
Poor girl! she's wedded since, to one
Who loved her dearly—for her pelf!
The wretch to Texas late has gone,
And left her now to hang herself!

This Valentine was sent by one
Whose name's "a poet's passion"—MARY!
Once graceful as the bounding fawn,
And mischievous as any fairy:
She's married, too, and fat—ye gods!
I scarcely can contain my laughter,
When in the street I sometimes meet
Her, with her ducklings waddling after!

A miniature! of her, my first,
My warmest love—perhaps my only!
How has my heart her image nursed,
A light unto my pathway lonely!
She weds another soon—her vow
To me all lightly hath she broken;
Her gift—ay, let it go, for now,
'Tis of her falsehood but the token!

This tress of hair, of golden hue
(Some call it red—'tis not, tis auburn!—
For the distinction 'twixt the two,
A poet ask, or ask GRANT THORBURN!)
Belonged to one—a glorious girl—
I loved as brother may a sister;
Smoothed o'er her brow each sunny curl,
And sometimes chid, and sometimes—kissed her!

Ah! those were happy days to me!—
Dear ELLA, do *you* ne'er regret them?—
Yet hopeless though the task may be,
How have I striven to forget them!
The bitterest sting in love that's lost,
Is memory of its by-gone pleasures;
But how must that lone heart be cross'd
Which longs to yield thus up such treasures!

No more!—The sale must close, lest I
Each firm resolve should reconsider;
Throw in one lot the rest—who'll buy?
I'll knock it to the highest bidder;
I thought it not so hardly done,
Each long-cemented tie to sever;
But now they're "going—going—*gone!*"
And Love and I here part—FOREVER!

"I CARE FOR NOBODY."

"I care for nobody, no! not I—
And nobody cares for me!"
OLD SONG.

IN her bower, one eve, sat a maiden fair,
Carolling forth a joyous strain—
Was wafted far o'er the balmy air,
Till by Echo, loved nymph, sent back again:
Her voice was sweet, and bright her eye,
And merrily, merrily, thus sang she—
"I care for nobody, no! not I,
And nobody cares for me—for me—
Nobody cares for me!"

"Oh! Love is a wild and devious chase,
At best but a fair, deceitful snare;
And men are a false and faithless race,
With their vows, all light as the empty air:"

Then her joyous laugh rang loud and high,
And gaily, gaily still, sang she—
"I care for nobody, no! not I,
And nobody cares for me—for me—
Nobody cares for me!"

"Oh! who would bestow a thought, upon
A race so vain and false as the men?"—
The maiden paused, as she thought of *one*,
Right glad were she to see again:
And she breathed a low and gentle sigh,
The while she sang, yet still sang she—
"I care for nobody, no! not I,
And nobody cares for me—for me—
Nobody cares for me!"

The maiden ceased:—'twas a step well known,
And a manly form stood by her side;
He took her snowy hand in his own,
And woo'd that fair one for his bride:
She gave him a glance of her bright black eye,
As she sang, and, "Heigho!" then sang she—
"I care for *somebody* now—do I,
Since somebody cares for me—for me—
Somebody cares for me!"

THE QUANDARY.

"The bright black eye—the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two!"

HOLMES.

Now, by the little god of love,
In maidens' hearts who rears his throne,
Did e'er so sweet an influence prove
Source of such plague, as to mine own?
Two charming girls I know—both fair,
And both so tender, fond and true,—
That, by the joys of love I swear,
"I cannot choose between the two!"

There's MARY, beauteous as the Loves,
And ANNA, lovely as the Graces;
Both kind and sweet as turtle doves,
Both angel forms—with seraph faces

In which, as in a mirror beaming,
Their characters and tempers show;—
So lovely each, yet different seeming,
"I cannot choose between the two!"

MARY's a laughing, sprightly elf,
With spirits buoyant, wild and airy;
In form, a perfect mountain sylph;
In motion, graceful as a fairy:
While ANNA, heavenly, loved and loving,
So much the angel brings to view,
That, by my faith, though both approving,
"I cannot choose between the two!"

MARY as any rose is fair,
While ANNA is a rich brunette;
MARY has sunny, golden hair,
While ANNA's is a glossy jet;
And I so much am charmed with both—
The raven hair, the golden hue;—
The blonde, and the brunette,—in sooth,
"I cannot choose between the two!"

MARY's fair face is like her form—
Its beauty dancing, sunny, bright;
While ANNA's, like her soul, is warm
With tender, soft, angelic light!

Then ANNA's melting eyes are black,
  While MARY's laughing ones are blue;
And thus, so equal their attack,
  "I cannot choose between the two!"

Did either of them I not know,
  The other I would gladly take;
Would either of them let me go,
  Her for the other I'd forsake:
To give up either I'm so loth,
  In truth I know not what to do;
Faith! I'd turn Turk, to have them both,
  Nor need thus "choose between the two!"

THE QUAKERESS.

Oh! never talk again to me
Of dashing belles and high-born misses,
Till it has been your lot to see
A meeting full of Quakeresses:
Your city miss may gayer dress,
Your dashing belle may be more striking,
But the neat, modest Quakeress,
Is far more lovely, to my liking.

Oh! was it e'er your lot to know
A sweet and modest Quaker lass,
With sunny hair, and neck of snow,
And bosom—but we'll let that pass:
With eyes, before whose melting glance
The sturdiest rebel must surrender;
Eyes that might fairly make you dance,
So sparkling are they, yet so tender!

Her form of Nature's finest mould,
Untramelled by the hand of Art;
Features, in which you may behold
The rich out-gushings of a heart
Filled with the deep intensity
Of young Love's purest, tenderest passion;
With manners frankly kind, and free
From the cold worldliness of fashion!

And then no cold coquette is she,
Feigning love's show without its feeling;
But rather strives, all modestly,
To practice woman's art—concealing:
But yet when he—the favoured youth—
Shall ask if she his lot will bless,
So dearly does she love the truth,
She answers, ever frankly, "Yes!"

Let other bards attune their lays
To reigning belles and toasted beauties,
But be it mine to sing the praise
Of Quaker girls and homely duties:
Let high-born dames, in jewels flashing,
By lord and fopling worshipped be;
Let others choose their beauties dashing,
But the sweet QUAKERESS for me!

OUR WESTERN GIRLS.

THE girls we love! The girls we love!
Oh! where is he who loves them not?
The girls we love!—all girls above,
Our sweetest joy, our fondest thought!
Let poets sing of Glory's charms,
And paint the joy that warriors prove
When victory has crowned their arms—
My song is of the girls we love:
The girls we love! The girls we love!
Fill up, and drink the sparkling toast;
The girls we love!—all girls above,
Our dearest pride, our fairest boast!

The girls we love! The girls we love!
What others with them may compare;
The girls we love!—all girls above,
No girls on earth are half so fair!

They tell me of the sylph-like forms
That float along the mazy dance,
Where love the glowing bosom warms—
In sunny Spain, and vine-clad France;
But still I sing—the girls we love!
And still I drink no other toast;
The girls we love!—all girls above,
Our fairest pride, our fondest boast!

The girls we love! The girls we love!
The daughters of our native clime;
Oh! never fairer did approve
A lover's praise or poet's rhyme!
I've heard of England's beauties rare,
Of noble blood and lofty birth—
But give me still our own bright fair,
Ennobled by their peerless worth!
The girls we love! The girls we love!
Then fill, and drink the sparkling toast—
The girls we love!—all girls above,
Our fondest pride, our brightest boast!

The girls we love! The girls we love!
The bright-eyed daughters of the West!
The girls we love!—Oh! who would rove,
When by such girls our homes are bless'd?

Then tell me not of houries bright,
With dazzling eyes and raven curls;
No fairer ever met the sight
Than those we love—Our Western Girls!
The girls we love! The girls we love!
Fill high and drink the sparkling toast—
The girls we love!—all girls above,
Our dearest pride, our fairest boast!

A BRACE OF EPIGRAMS,

On an ill-natured person, who boasted that he never lost his temper.

B. says that, howsoever crossed,
He never yet his temper lost;
For one I can't but choose
Believe the man says what is true—
The reason's quite apparent too—
He has it not to lose!

B. for his motto takes *eadem semper*,
And boasts he never yet was out of temper;
It may be so, but 'tis beyond a doubt—
So little has he left—he'll soon be out!

THE UNSPOKEN BETROTHAL.

"The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"Then were they silent:—Words are little aid
To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made
By the heart's beat alone! Oh! silence is
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!"

L. E. L.

IT was a bright and cloudless Summer eve,—
Heaven's pearly gems were strewn full thick and fair
O'er a blue sky, you might almost believe
Was softly melting into liquid air—
A lambent ether, "beautifully blue,"
Pure as young Morn's first flower-bespangling dew!

'Twas one of those bewitching nights that seem
Made but for love; and on the balmy air
Floated low murmurings that you might deem
Sweet spirit-voices softly whispering there,
As, in that calm eve's holy solitude,
A thousand fays their blushing partners woo'd.

'Twas such a night as poets' ever love;
Such too as love-sick rhymesters choose—their eyes
"In a fine frenzy rolling"—forth to rove
And vent their souls in moonstruck rhapsodies:
(Moonshine and love, you may depend upon it,
Have given birth to many a moonstruck sonnet!)

It was, I say, "on such a night" as this,
That once two gentle lovers wandered forth,
Whose hearts were all attuned unto the bliss
A night so fair and lovely might give birth;
(For love, like moonshine—since they go together—
Is pleasanter by far in pleasant weather!)

"And both were young, and one was" passing fair;
And each, beloved, of love made fond return;
Though he had never ventured to declare
As yet, that love, in "words that breathe and burn;"
But stood he now resolved, that this fair night
Should either "make him or undo him quite!"

O'er gentle hill and flowery vale they strayed;
With converse sweet the moments they beguile—
Yet not to speak of LOVE had he essayed,
Though in his thoughts 'twas uppermost the while;
Thoughts with, *par excellence*, "the question" rife,
That Herculean labour of man's life!

For, somehow of his speech he seemed debarred,
When to give utterance to his love he tried;
I'm sure I know not why he found it hard,
So gentle was the being at his side—
All angel as she was—I greatly doubt
Her taking offence if he had spoken out!

Fain had he told his love, but words came none;
So, finding speech was not at his command,
He did the next best thing that could be done—
That is, within his own her fair, soft hand
He took!—She blushed, but yet withdrew it not;
Perhaps she—but no matter what she thought!

'Tis a sweet thing to clasp the hand of her
You love!—I've tried it—Reader, did you ever?
'Tis next to kissing it, I do aver,—
Nay then, I pity you if you have never!—
And that's the sweetest thing I ever tried
Save kissing lips—but then they're near allied!

But, as I said, her lovely hand he took,
Whose taper fingers just returned his touch;
That it was lovely would you know?—pray look
At fair Miss Such-an-one's, you love so much,
Who has, you think, although you scarce know why,
The prettiest little hand beneath the sky!

Well! then he looked into her soft blue eye;
What he saw there I never could suspect,
And it has always filled me with surprise,
Upon the circumstance when I reflect:
I've gazed upon fair eyes till mine grew dim,
Yet never moved they me as hers did him!

I strongly am inclined to think, however,
Those eyes—fond tell-tales we may not control!—
Gave back to his that glance of love that never
Beams save for one—the chosen of the soul—
Though *all* in those sweet eyes he might see hid
I know not—I can state but what he did:—

He gazed one moment in excess of bliss;
Breathed her loved name in low and gentle tone;
Impress'd on her sweet lips one burning kiss,
And each was plighted unto each alone!
Oh! what were *words*—weak vows of common art—
To theirs, the deep BETROTHAL OF THE HEART!

BEAUTY SILENT.

Reprove me not, oh! fair and gentle girl,
For that, spell bound, mine eyes upon thy face
Too long have lingered;—deem me not a churl,
Nor turn away, to seek some other place
Where I may not offend thee by my gaze,
Which, charmed by thy wondrous beauty's blaze,
Seeks, as 'twould make its final resting there!
For thou art, lady, so surpassing fair,
That—as if e'en a vision from on high,
Before me suddenly did thus appear—
I can but gaze while the fair vision's nigh—
I have no power to withdraw mine eye!
But, as the spell-bound, where the serpent plays,
I still must look, though death were in the gaze!

Thou smil'st—I am forgiven!—Ah! lady, stay;
I do take back my e'en but uttered prayer;—
Do not reprove me, sweet one, did I say?—
Nay, chide me, lady, chide me!—On mine ear

Th' accusing accents will but fall, like tones
Of the sweet, sad Æolian, when—the wind
Dying thereon—it breathes those plaintive moans
Which deep, responsive echo only find
In the heart's inner chambers, where the groans
Of the poor broken spirit lie confined!
Ay! chide me, lady!—lips, whose smile, like thine,
As the clear sunshine, bids the heart rejoice,
Can only part to utter sounds divine;
Then chide me, lady!—let me hear thy voice!

What! tears?—the pearly drops, how fast they come;
Nay, weep not, gentle lady, at my song!
Ha!—Signs?—I might have known that thou wast dumb,
Or thou hadst never silent been so long!

MARY.

"I HAVE a passion for the name of MARY,"
Sang once the greatest bard of modern times;
And so have I!—'tis not imaginary,
And merely said for sake of spinning rhymes,
But honest truth—for of such praise I'm chary,
Save when with truth and honesty it chimes:
But sooth to say, the name, I think, is pretty,
Alike for country maiden, or for city!

MARY!—There's something in the very sound
That is, to me, exceeding sweet and soothing,
When it is spoken as it should be—round,
And sweetly full, clear-toned, and without mouthing;
And there's another thing that I have found,
And well believe, though some may think it nothing;
This gentlest name some magic power possesses,
Each lovely owner that adorns and blesses!

I never knew a MARY yet, but what
  Had a sweet, amiable way about her;
An almost angel-purity of thought;
  Freedom from envy, manners without *hauteur;*
Kindness and gentleness, and all that ought
  Adorn and ornament EVE's every daughter;
Although alas! that *all* they do not so,
Both you and I have doubtless cause to know.

But all the MARY's I can recollect
  That I have had acquaintance with in life,
Were girls for whom my bosom with respect,
  If not more tender feeling, has been rife:
And hence it strikes me (am I not correct?)
  That such an one would make a first rate wife!
So, when I do, unless *all* prove contrary,
I'll choose me one whose gentle name is MARY!

MARY.

A RECANTATION.

THERE is a point of time when men begin
  To feel that they are turning round a corner;
And, as the serpent casts aside its skin—
  The insect the chrysalis it had worn—or
E'en as the reprobate forsakes his sin,
  And loves the truth of which so late a scorner—
Just so a man, towards thirty when he verges,
From many a dream of twenty-five emerges!

He learns to look on things with different eyes,
  Or learns to open those he has much wider;
Becomes of dogmas, creeds, and mysteries,
  Received before, a doubter, or derider;
Finds men he'd honoured once, as learned and wise,
  Flat as stale beer, insipid as new cider:
And finds—still more to show he is but human—
That he has erred most in that thing called WOMAN!

A few short years ago I was a youth,
Who had, perhaps, some eighteen summers seen;
A dreamy, visionary age, in sooth,
When man *is not* quite yet, and boy *hath been;*
I might have also been, to tell the truth,
A little—doubtless just a little—*green;*—
And I was ever dreaming of a fairy,
My own ideal, loved and christened MARY!

And for the love I bore this ideal—
My *inconnue*—bright, beauteous, visionary—
Born and baptised in dream-land—I must fall
At once in love with each terrestrial fairy
I met—and so invest her straight with all
The charms and graces of th' ideal MARY:
(And if the fair one really bore the name,
Or if some other, it was much the same.)

And thus it came, that many an idle rhyme
I penned, beguiling many an idle minute;
There are who hold such idling for a crime,
Which if it be, why sometimes still I sin it;
And so it chanced that, "once upon a time,"
A youthful ditty I contrived to spin:—it
Told how one BYRON liked "the name of MARY"—
I did so too!—*ergo*, the name *was* fairy!

It said, amongst much other nonsense—that
Which I were most unwilling now to utter—
That "I had never known one yet, but what
Had ever a sweet, winning way about her—
With kindness, gentleness, and all that ought
Adorn and ornament Eve's every daughter:"
It said much more, I then had staked a name on,
Which now I know to be the veriest gammon!

Exempli gratiâ:—I think I said
That I had never known a Mary yet
But she was sweet and gentle:—I'm afraid
I may provoke some "gentle" Mary's hate,—
(The risk is dire, and has been duly weighed!)
But the worst vixens that I ever met,
Were some dear angels, sweet and charming fairies,
Of that same *very* "*gentle*" race of Mary's!

Yet *one* there is who bears that "gentle" name,
And well ennobles name and sex together;—
I have had visions wild of wealth and fame,
(God knows it's little else I've had of either!)
And yet I doubt much, in my wildest dream
Of future fame, or wealth, or fortune, whether
Bright fancy e'er assumed a shape so airy,
As when of *thee* I loved to dream, sweet Mary!

MARY!—the fair embodiment of all
My wildest dreams of angel loveliness;—
Impersonation of my ideal!
Bright incarnation of each heavenly grace!—
Oh! if to all thy name it might but fall
One half thy "gentle" virtues to possess,
Earth were a Paradise—each land were fairy,
And "Angel" were but synonime for MARY!

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.

AN EPIGRAM.

THREE things to womankind belong,
This universe of ours all over;
And from their use, or right or wrong,
Not all the universe may move her:—
The first, to tease her faithful lover;
The second, to coquette; the third—
And that which oftenest we discover,—
To argue points the most absurd,
And, right or wrong, to have the latest word!

BACHELOR PHILOSOPHY.

"Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a."
FRENCH PROVERB.

"Ay! such is man's philosophy—when woman is untrue,
The loss of one but teaches him to make another do!"
HOLMES.

I'M fairly sick of it!—to hear and read,
In trashy novels and insipid plays,
Of true love cross'd—hearts broken—stuff indeed,
May well a man of common sense amaze!—
To break one's heart! the thing is most absurd!
It never has been done by mortal man—
By mortal woman, an' you'll take my word,
Not only never has, but never can:
Such childish nonsense is but fit for fools,
Or (quite the same) young girls at boarding-schools!

A broken heart!—Ay! 'tis methinks the word,
And yet 'tis more than "passing strange" to me,

That any thing of which so much is heard,
And read, and spoken, we should never see:
At least I'm sure I never yet saw one;
Though candour fair requires me to confess
I do believe that Sickville's famous son
Reports one, doubtless an authentic case;
But he, in his own folly, met his fate,
Striving to lift too ponderous a weight!

And yet I frankly own, there was a time,—
Albeit ashamed my folly to acknowledge;
However, that was long before my prime,
In fact 'twas in my boyish days at college;—
I then but verged upon discretion's brink,
And hence, perhaps, was not so much to blame;—
Time was though, I was fool enough to think
That love was not a fiction, a mere name:
That vows there were, might constancy betoken,
And that some fond hearts might perhaps be broken!

Since then, however, I've had leisure given—
Long years of thought, deep, sad, and melancholy,
In which to reconcile myself with Heaven,
By a repentance of my youthful folly
In dreaming of the possibility—
In such an all-perfidious world as this,

Of honest love, or perfect constancy,
Or truth in fickle woman's treacherous kiss!
(On this last score I haven't much to grieve,
In fact, it's what I never did believe!)

I am not a misanthropist, I am sure;
I can admire fair nature, and I do;
I love the bright, the beautiful, the pure,
And childhood innocent, and manhood true;
And I admire a pretty woman's face,
(I might, indeed, declare I think 'tis all
To be admired about her—let it pass—
"Over her frailties let the curtain fall:")
Yet was I never one of those weak things
Who think her all "an angel—save the wings!"

But yet a something there might be, I thought,
In man's deep love, and woman's fond caress,
Her truth and constancy, and—God knows what,
I've long since found mere words of emptiness:
I even dreamed I might be broken hearted,
Should she, my boyhood's idol prove untrue;
Well, she did so—as easily we parted,
As one would throw aside a worn-out shoe:
A little touched my heart might be, but then
It very soon grew sound and whole again.

And now I've learned to think with Dr. Holmes—
  Who, by the way's a very clever fellow,
He's but a fool, who at the falsehood foams
  Of any she that ever trod prunella!
Reader! the wisest thing that you can do—
  I've tried the plan, and know that it will answer,—
Whene'er one lovely charmer proves untrue,
  Is, just to get another, soon as you can, sir:
Though for myself, when one fair proved untrue,
For her, I've made at least a dozen do!

For now I take things easy, rove about,
  And love each pretty woman that I meet
Devotedly, until I find her out
  To be—as are they all—but fair deceit;
Yet when I find her so, I do not grieve—
  I look not now to find her any other;
So I but make my bow, and take my leave,
  And cruise around, until I meet another
To strike my fancy;—she's not hard to find,
In my contended, present state of mind.

True, once it no such easy matter seemed;
  But that was at an early time of life,
The when, a silly, crack-brained youth, I dreamed
  Of love and moonshine, marriage and a wife!

Thank Heaven that snare's escaped, and now it is
A most indifferent, trifling sort of matter,
To find a dozen pretty girls, to kiss
And flirt withal—to dance, and smile, and chatter;
Although my eyes I have to keep wide open,
That none to matrimony me may rope in!

But, ah! a most delightful thing I find
This sipping sweets from each enchanting flower,—
Still free to wander on, and leave behind
Untasted, all its bitter and its sour:
And when some flowret fades, whose lovely form,
If all mine own, 'twould kill me to resign,
I turn to others, yet with beauty warm,
And bless kind Heaven the treasure was not mine!
Let Benedicts then boast of child and wife,
Be mine the Bachelor's free and merry life!

SONG OF THE CIGAR SMOKER.

"Yes! social friend, I love thee well!
In learned doctors' spite,
I love thy fragrant, misty spell,
I love thy calm delight!"

SPRAGUE.

Of glory and fame, or of love's soft flame,
Of the rich and generous vine,
Of sage or of king, let others sing,
But this be lay of mine:
Though women and wine are both divine,
And though love is the poet's star,
Such themes to others I now resign,
To sing of my loved Cigar!
Then bring the flame!—we'll light the same,
And let the toast proceed;—
Though love and wine are both divine,
Huzza! for the fragrant weed!

Than woman's praise, not poets' lays
Are sweeter to manhood's ear;
And the dazzling light of her beauty bright,
As love, to the bard is dear:
But her praises fair, like smoke in the air,
Each breath may blow away;
And the witching wile of her dazzling smile
But lures us to betray!
Then bring the flame!—as we light the same,
We'll give you the smoker's creed;—
Though women and wine be all divine,
Huzza! for the fragrant weed!

Though rich the glow, in its generous flow,
Of the bright and ruby wine,—
And though worthy fame, and an honoured name,
Be dearest wish of mine,—
Yet the cup hath a sting, which too oft doth bring
To its sweetness, its own alloy;
And foul slander's loathsome taint *will* cling
To the fame it may not destroy!
Then bring the flame!—away with fame,
And the red wine's sparkling bead!—
Be ours the joy that, without alloy,
We draw from the fragrant weed!

Then let poets rare, sing of ladies fair,
Or of glory and war's renown—
With my loved Cigar, I am happier, far,
Than the monarch with his crown!
As its balm I prove, I but laugh at love—
Ambition view as a joke;
With thee, trusty friend, all my troubles end,
Loved Cigar—*like thee*—in smoke!
Then bring the flame!—as we light the same,
This still be the toast I rede—
Of the joys we love, there are none above
The fume of the fragrant weed!

AN ALBUM DEDICATION.

A BOOK's before me—each fair virgin page
  Clad in its robe of yet unsullied white;
Within which "goodlie matter," staid and sage,
  A lady fair hath bidden me indite:
  She says she'd have me "Something in it write
Discreet and sensible!"—Dread conjuration!
I'll write—let's see—I'll write the DEDICATION!

Most Dedications are but stupid things,
  (I should not wonder if this proved the same!)
They used to be addressed to lords and kings,
  And still thrive chiefly upon borrowed fame:
  There are, 'tis true, exceptions I could name—
For instance, that to WILLIS's "Bianca;"—
But for the mass I would'nt give a thank ye!

The fashion's to address your Dedication
To some known public favourite, your friend;
To whom, in token of your admiration,
(And his to gain,) your volume you commend;
But I'm not fashionable—Heaven forfend!—
And so I'll e'en select the wildest rangers;
Instead of friends, I dedicate to *strangers!*

First then, and chief, unto plain Common-Sense,
The least familiar of the stranger-tribe—
To Humour rare—true Wit, without pretence,
And Modesty—these pages I inscribe;
To the intent that they may ne'er imbibe
Aught inconsistent with that due decorum,
Which these exact from all who come before 'em!

To Friendship, fervent, lasting and sincere,
This little volume next I dedicate;
To meek Religion, mild and unaustere,
And Virtue, her hand-maiden antiquate,
Be all its pages ever consecrate:
Here let Affection, fond, herself enshrine,
While Love, round all, his garland gay shall twine!

LETTER CONGRATULATORY,

TO QUEEN VICTORIA ON HER MARRIAGE.

LADY: God send thee, in thy new condition,
Health, happiness, and all prosperity;
May'st reap, of thine each hope a full fruition!
True, I am not thy subject—nor my knee
To thee in homage bend—yet this petition
Make I to Heaven for your majesty:
Fair Queen! thus o'er the broad Atlantic's waters,
I wish thee health, and—many sons and daughters!

A year or two, nay, few short months ago,
You had not thanked me for the wish, I ween;
Though doubtless now it comes quite *apropos*,
Since (so the papers tell us,) you, fair Queen,
At length are married; and—and so—and so—
Pshaw!—but you understand what 'tis I mean!
When ladies wed, we don't of course expect
That they belong to the *Malthusian* sect!

And you are married!—Well, I've had, God wot,
Of love full many a pleasant dream, long flown;—
"Love in a cottage," (for the rhyme say cot,)
With one dear angel and myself, alone;
And yet I would not like to say, but that
I *might* have been induced to share your throne:
Indeed, I strongly thought of going over,
In propria persona, as your lover:—

And so perchance had done, but that I saw
Reported in the latest London papers,
Your lovers by the dozen, whom the law
Held to account, for all their crazy capers;
(I ever had of justices an awe,
And police records give me now the vapours;)
So came to the conclusion I would tarry
At home, nor go abroad to seek to marry.

And now I'm settled down—I think for life—
(I am, I know, at least until next June;)
And wearied with the world's turmoil and strife—
Discordant notes in life's harmonious tune—
I think of taking to myself a wife;
(From present signs I think I shall so, soon,)
Since you have wed that German booby, Cobourg,
Crown-Prince of Dunderhead, and King of No-burg!

I really think you might have done much better,
Considering the royal range you had;—
Naught under Heaven your queenly choice to fetter,
'Mongst kings unwedded, whether good or bad;
Not one in Europe, but had been your debtor,
Thus to be honoured:—I might also add
The Grand Mogul—young Sultan—Gengis-Khan,
With all the royal chiefs of Hindostan!

But you are married!—and the show is over—
The cannons fired, and the cake all eaten;
And myriad healths, to you, and to your lover,
Have served their myriad bumpers well to sweeten;
For me, naught now remains, that I discover,
An't please your majesty—save to repeat in
My halting verse, (as for itself it shows,)
What your liege subjects shout in honest prose:—

"God save the Queen!"—why! marry and amen!
"God save the Prince, too!"—well! amen to that!
Send *her* a happy, long and prosperous reign,
Upon the throne where her forefathers sat;—
Him—all his wonted grandeur to maintain,
And, when he needs them, a new coat and hat!
Fair Queen! I wish thee thus o'er ocean's waters,
Health, a long life, and—many sons and daughters!

MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

"In the good old days of good Queen Bess!"

In merry old England's sea-girt isle,
Long centuries agone,
In royal style sat a Queen, erewhile,
The throne of the Henries on;
And her's were warriors brave and bold,
Her each behest to obey;
And statesmen wise, and counsellors old,
And courtiers, gallant and gay!

Then, through the land, went, hand in hand,
Gay song and the merry dance;
And the gallant knight, for his ladye bright,
In the tournay couched his lance;
While the rustic swain, with sturdy main,
His oaken cudgel plied;
And in war, the knight and his squire, in the fight
Stood faithfully, side by side!

Oh! those were the days when her ancient ways
Still "Merrie Old England" knew;
And her sons would court each manly sport,
When their daily toil was through:
While in merry May, round the Maypole gay,
When the pipe to the dance would call—
On the village green might then be seen,
The lads and the lasses all!

Then the wintry fire, of the jolly squire,
With the best of cheer was rife;
And "'twas merry in the hall, when the beards wagged all,"
And a man something knew then of life!
The wanderer poor, at the oaken door
Knocked never he then in vain;
And the beggar, relieved, when in want he grieved,
Was bidden to come again!

Oh! those good old ways, with those good old days,
Have vanished from off the earth;
And I fear me again—ah! never—will men
And ways such as they have birth!
But here's a thought to the men that are not,
And the good old fashions of yore;
And a prayer that again we may see such men,
And their honest old ways once more!

MORT DE NAPOLEON.

His last words, uttered in a state of delirium, on the morning of his death, were—"*Mon fils*,"—soon afterwards, "*Tete d'armee;*" and lastly "*France*,"—soon after which he expired.

THE conqueror of mighty kings,
The victor in a thousand fields,
Lies low in death—all feebly springs
Life's current up, as Nature yields:
Death!—to the mighty of the earth?—
Ay! to the conqueror of all,
ALL, from the prince of mightiest birth,
Down to his meanest slave, must fall!

He, to whom kings had bowed them down,
Thus felled by Fate's rebounding shock!
This "throne-dispenser" overthrown,
And captive on a barren rock!—

By Seine, and Rhine, and Eastern Nile,
His banners once waved proudly high;
But now, in lone Helena's Isle,
The warrior lays him down to die!

What visions wild, then throng to rack
His burning, fever-maddened brain?—
"*Mon fils!*"—In fancy carried back,
The sire is with his boy again!
Anon—wild dreams of battle dance,—
Armies obey his high behest;
Once more—it is the last!—"*La France!*"
And that wild spirit is at rest!

THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

Suggested by the proposed removal—with the assent of the English government—of the remains of Napoleon from the Island of St. Helena; and the contemplated erection, by the King of the French, of a costly monument to his memory, under the dome of the *Place des Invalides*, in Paris.

DISTURB them not!—
Those relics of the dead!—let them still lie
In that lone spot,
Ee'n now time-hallowed to his memory;
Fit tomb and requiem for *him* should be—
Lone isle and surging sea!

There—where he died—
Where, from the mortal, sprang th' immortal mind,
When purified,
And from mortality's dull dross refined,
It soared untrammelled to its native sky—
There let his ashes lie!

'Tis hallowed ground,
And to his memory consecrate!—for Fame,
Not farther round
The world's remotest part hath spread *his* name—
Till all the earth, earth's conqueror hath known—
Than Helen's too, hath gone!

It were not meet,
His mighty dust should lay in crowded mart;
And the rude feet
Of low-born hinds o'ertread the lion's heart;—
That over him, who living trod on kings,
Should walk earth's meaner things!

Yet they would take
From yon lone isle, where bends the cypress low,
His dust—and make
It chief attraction of a *raree show!*
Where pillared dome shall rear its haughty head,
In mockery of the dead!

And Gaul and Guelph—
Who at his name, when that he lived, did quail—
The dead himself
Dare now disturb, nor now, as then, turn pale!
Fear ye not, even *yet*, the spell of FRANCE
Will burst his slumberous trance?

And *thou*—wouldst build,
Pillar and monument—and offerings give
To carve and gild
His name, thou hatedst, while he yet did live!—
As they of old gave sepulchres, unto
Prophets their fathers slew!

No need from thee,
Hath he of urn or monument, whose name
Shall deathless be;
As Fate, eternal—lofty still as Fame;—
Borne onward, down to Time's remotest shore,—
When *thou* art named no more!

And thou?—dost deem
Thy steps toward despotism 'twill advance,
To point to HIM—
Whose lust, all wild, was less for *self* than France?
Better, like him, ne'er utter Freedom's vow,
Than break it—as didst thou!

Bourbon!—beware!—
The Spirit of Freedom walketh through the earth—
Filleth the air—
No passing wind but whispers of its birth:
Not long may France bear thraldom like thine own;
King! tremble for thy throne!

GLORY, FREEDOM AND FAME.

ODE FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

When Liberty smiled on this land of the West,
She bade, in a voice like the accents of thunder,
Our fathers, by tyrants enslaved and oppress'd,
The chains that had bound them to rend all assunder:
For their cause—Heaven taught—
When a champion they sought,
To a chieftain immortal, she guided their thought;
And strong in the might of her Washington's name,
She led them to Glory, to Freedom and Fame!

Long years through the land raged the conflict of war,
The tempest of strife, and wild battle's commotion;
Till bright through the storm, like some newly-born star,
A nation rose up from Eternity's ocean!

War's tumult then past,
Her mantle Peace cast
O'er a land, that in quiet and safety was bless'd;
Which still, in the might of her WASHINGTON's name,
Moved onward to Glory, to Freedom and Fame!

And when our fair Vessel of State first to sea
Went forth, the proud work of a master-creation,
He stood at the helm, till the ship, under way,
In safety rode on—Freedom's Ark of Salvation!
No title reversed—
"In peace and war first,
And first in the hearts of his countrymen" nursed!
Still stainless and bright is our WASHINGTON's name,
The watch-word to Glory, to Freedom and Fame!

And still, long as Freedom shall gladden the earth,
And long as the sun shall illumine yon Heaven,
Shall WASHINGTON's memory—WASHINGTON's worth,
The toast of each true-hearted freeman be given!
And long as his dust
Is our nation's high trust,
To his deeds ever give we the praise that is just!
While brightly the halo round WASHINGTON's name,
Still lights us to Glory, to Freedom and Fame!

TO THE CONOQUENESSING.*

Again upon thy banks I stand, fair stream!—
I tread once more the grassy margin, green,
Of thy fair waters—and would make the theme
Of these rude numbers, every beauteous scene,
Remembrance dim, as of a distant dream,
Recalls to mind, where I so oft have been—
The when, a child, along thy banks I strayed,
Or sat me down 'neath yon old tree-top's shade.

Fair Conoquenessing, from my distant home—
Where roll Ohio's waters wildly free,
Back to thy still meanderings I come,
To tread once more the scenes of infancy;

* The Conoquenessing is a small stream rising on the confines of Butler and Venango Counties in Pennsylvania, and emptying into the Beaver river, some twenty miles above its confluence with the Ohio.

The spell is on me!—whereso'er I roam,
"The heart, untravelled, still returns to thee!"
That spell, who binds it not somewhere to earth?—
Who lives, nor loves the spot that gave him birth?

What busy fancies crowd my brain, as here
I lay me down, and of past ages dream;
What races gone, have run their high career,
Coeval, Conoquenessing, with thy stream:
Here dwelt the Indian once, and chased the deer;—
(I would he'd given thee more euphonious name!
'Tis a jaw-breaker, at the best, in prose,
And spoils the rythm, in every line it goes!)

Thou hast high chronicles of days of eld;—
When first the white man to thy banks did come,
Thou heardst the Indian war-whoop wild, that knelled
The bold intruder's dark and fearful doom;—
Yet hast thou seen that Indian race expelled,
And driven far hence, to yield the paleface room—
Whose axe, in this once dark, primeval wood,
Felled forest kings that had through ages stood.

And thou hast seen old Rapp and Basse come,
Locate, and clear away, and settle down
Upon thy banks, where each built once a home—
Deserted since—a villa, and a town:

The town yet stands, immersed in slothful gloom,
The villa's burned, and both their founders gone!
(The Count, as I'm informed, returned to Germany—
RAPP's followers left Old to build New Harmony.*)

They're an industrious race, and know to make
"The desert bud and blossom as the rose;"
I never heard what made the RAPPS forsake
Their second settlement:—I can suppose
They relished not too well the ague's shake;
(The Wabash oft its boundary overflows;)
Nor do I know how throve the vine and corn there;
But for their first location—I was born there,

And have a right to speak:—and this, in truth
And candour fair, I am compelled to say—

* The Rapps (George and Frederick) first settled in this country somewhere about the year 1805, in Butler county, Pennsylvania, from whence, at the close of the war in 1815, they removed, and commenced a settlement at New Harmony, Indiana, on the Wabash river. This they sold, in 1824, to the celebrated Robert Owen of New Lanark, and established their *third* and present settlement at Economy, Pennsylvania, thirty miles below Pittsburgh, on the banks of the Ohio river. Frederick Rapp died there in 1835; George Rapp still lives at the patriarchal age of nearly ninety years. Count Basse settled on the banks of the Conoquenessing near the present site of Zelienople.

That if Old Harmony, in her days of youth,
  Wore not more smiling visage than to-day—
And the corn grew no better there—in sooth,
  I do not wonder that they went away:—
(Though they do say the crop this year's a short one,
And the town lately's met with much misfortune.)

This last indeed is so:—old RAPP's example
  Was followed soon by many, who well knew
The place would never thrive,—as, for a sample,
  The doctor—lawyer—merchants one or two,
And tavern-keepers three; (of these, still ample
  Is the supply I saw, in riding through;)
And thus, like Carthage before Rome, it so fell
Before its younger rival Zelienople!*

This last's a little village neat and pretty,—
  There, just behind yon hill you may espy it!—
Though, to a dweller long years in a city,
  It has an air of rather too much quiet;
And (to a Cincinnatian a pity,)
  Affords small chance for getting up a riot,
Such as—with abolition stir, eternally,
And banks and brokers—we there do, diurnally!

* A small town located on the Conoquenessing, half a mile below Harmony. From the summit of the gentle rise which divides the two, a very pretty view of both villages may be had.

I lived there too, once, in my younger days,
And have, engraven yet on memory,
A kindly recollection of its ways,
And much there is familiar still to me;
Yon old brick school-house there's the very place,
Where first I learned immortal A B C!
And (truant school-boy) caught there many a blessing,
For catching fish in thee, oh! Conoquenessing!

The town appears to be still much the same—
Though it has grown some little since I left it,
While some have moved away, yet others came,
And took their places, who had else bereft it:
There's my old home, and the red pump, whose stream
Still runs as clear as when, a boy, I quaffed it;
These commons too, I've played on many a day:
But where are those with whom I used to play?

Some in the sunny South have made their home,
And some the prairies of the Far West tread;
Others upon our western waters roam;
And others yet prove in their narrow bed,
"That sleep which knows no waking," till shall come
The great Archangel's trump to rouse the dead!
Yon village burial-place holds—precious trust!—
Best loved, first lost!—an infant sister's dust!

But I grow sad!—and sadness, sunny stream,
Is not the mood that should be linked with thee;
The lay that takes thy praises for its theme,
Laughing and joyous as thyself should be!
Ne'er camest thou to my vision in a dream,
But it was one of light and witchery;
And stroll I now along thy banks in sadness,
Thy sunny waves soon sing me into gladness!

Fair stream, farewell!—I've sung as best I might,
Thy beauties in this rude and hasty verse;
For thy fair sake, who badest me, lady bright!*
The praises of our native stream rehearse,
I would 'twere better done!—but, luckless wight,
Through life it ever yet hath been my curse,
Most to go wrong where I would fain not go so,
And least to please when most I wish to do so!

* "Eyes like the blue of a Damascus blade, and hair like a shower of braided and flowing sunbeams!—I have done your bidding! Adieu!—WILLIS.

TO ONE VERY DEAR:

WITH THE GIFT OF A BIBLE.

No gem of the dark and dirty mine—
  No pearl of the deep blue sea—
No gilded offering at Vanity's shrine,
  Is the token I send to thee:
I send, for remembrance, lady fair,
  An offering of richer worth
Than pearls of the sea, or gifts of the air,
  Or the precious stones of earth!

I send thee a Book!—yet no trifle light
  Of ballad and roundelay;
No legend of brave and gallant knight,
  And ladye-love, fair and gay;
No idle and fanciful wild romaunt,
  With which poets delight to lure;
Nor chanson, roundelay, lay, or chaunt,
  Of the brave old troubadour!

But the Book of the HIGH and HOLY ONE—
The record of life and truth;
To the aged pilgrim his noon-day sun,
And a lamp to the feet of youth:
I send it—no token of lightsome love,
But of feelings as pure and true,
As the angels know in their homes above—
As dwell in this heart for you!

I know thou art loved by another now,
I know thou canst ne'er be mine;
Yet take from me this, my heart's pure vow—
I ask thee not now for thine:
Though others be with thee in gaudy light,
And thy duty and love be theirs,—
Oh! think of *me*, here when thou readest at night,
And remember me then—in thy prayers!

TO THE ONE UNFORGOTTEN.

I WILL not say what it hath cost,
This bosom's throbbing pulse to still;—
To calm the surge of passion, cross'd,
And *feeling* subject bring to *will!*
It were all vain in me to tell—
As thou to hear—the agony
Of the fierce struggle, ere the spell
Were broken, and the captive free!

I will not grieve thy gentle heart,
To tell thee of the burning tears
The "strong man" e'en must shed, to part
With all the cherished hopes of years:
How hard the task, ah! none may deem,
Its bitterness who hath not proved—
Passion to merge in cold esteem,
And but *admire* where we have *loved!*

But it is done!—and thou art now
A being worshipped from afar;—
To whom I breathe devotion's vow,
As unto some fair, distant star,
Whose radiance, streaming from the sky,
In every heart enchantment wakes,—
Yet, holding on its pathway high,
Gives back no love for all it takes!

Thou art the fair embodiment,
To me, of holy truth and love;
A seraph bless'd, I deem thee, sent
To lure me up to worlds above:
My better angel here, art thou;
And still, in holiest thought, to thee
I breathe devotion's purest vow,
At the lone shrine of memory!

REBECCA TO BOIS-GUILBERT.

ADVANCE—at thy peril, proud Templar!—advance!
Though keen be thy sword, and unerring thy lance—
Thanks to him who hath reared this lone turret so high,
I fear thee not now—I but *hate* and *defy!*

"Submit to my fate!"—and just Heaven, to what fate!
"*Thy* religion embrace!"—be the Templar's vile mate!
Craven knight! priest forsworn!—Lo thy power I defy,
Since my God one escape yet hath left me—to die!

Remain where thou art!—or advance, if thou wilt!—
Yet move but one step in thy purpose of guilt,
And the form of the Jewess, thus fragile and weak,
Embrace with the stones of yon court first will seek!

Remain where thou art then, proud Templar! for know
That sooner than trust with her honour the foe,
The Jewess will cast off this weight of life's load—
Give her form to yon depths, and her soul to her God!

THE BEATEN PATH.

"We are born—we live—we die—we are buried!"

I.

That Beaten Path!—that Beaten Path!—
It goeth by the door;
And many a tale to tell it hath
Of the days that are no more!
For o'er that Path, in weal or wo,
Earth's weary one's have trod;
And many a hurried step, or slow,
Hath pressed its time-worn sod:
There childhood's mirth, and youth's glad shout
Have each a merry peal rung out;
Oft gentle woman's graceful tread,
In fairy motion o'er it sped;

While manhood's care-surcharged breast
A weightier step hath on it press'd;
And age's palsied footsteps, slow,
There last, perchance, abroad
Have feebly tottered forth, to show
Three-score-and-ten prepared to go—
Life's journey trodden here below,
To stay its steps with God!

II.

See'st thou yonder smiling boy,
Just escaped his mother's arms?
With what eager, gushing joy—
Heedless of her fond alarms,
Out upon *that Path* he springs,
Light as bird with feathered wings:
Running now a frolic race;
Walking then with sober pace;
And, anon, with childish grace,
Casting down his weary form,
With unused exertion warm,
On the grassy margin, green,
Of the pathway he is in;—
Of that Path, which thus, a child,
Treads he first, with spirits wild,—

Of that Path which he *shall* tread,
Oft in manhood's darker day—
When his weary, aching head
Gladly would he seek to lay
With the care-forgetting dead,
'Neath its grassy turf for aye!

III.

Ring out! ring out!—a joyous shout
For the fair and gentle bride!
Make room! make room! for the gallant groom,
In his dashing and manly pride!
For his bridal's done!—he hath woo'd and won
The flower of the country rare;
And worthy he of his ladye—she,
The fairest of England's fair!

Ring out! ring out!—a pealing shout!
Let vassal to vassal call,
Each servant gay, in his best array,
Attend in the ancient hall:
For the bridal train rideth on amain,
And the lord of that hall doth come;
By *that Path* where, a boy, he wandered in joy,
He bringeth his fair bride home!

IV.

A toll!—a sad and a muffled toll
Of the deep church-bell, for a parted soul!
The child, that in glee o'er that pathway sped—
The youth, that in beauty and manhood wed—
The aged lord of the castle is dead!
Hath rested the body in solemn state,
And now, 'tis borne from the castle gate;
Sad its retainers, as, mournfully slow,
Over *that Beaten Path* they go—
That Path, through which, when a child, he sped;
That Path, by which his fair bride he led;
That Path, o'er which they now bear him—dead!
Pause they now at yon churchyard's door,
And now—'tis entered—the pathway o'er;
THAT BEATEN PATH WILL HE PASS NO MORE!

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER SISTER:

ABSENT FROM HOME.

COME HOME! dear Sister!—Sad and lonely-hearted,
As o'er another ray of light withdrawn—
As for the sunshine of her home departed—
The blind girl sits and weeps, to mourn thee gone!
Gone!—The companion of her mirth and sadness,
The friend and playmate of her childish years;
Life, in thy absence, loseth half its gladness,
And this deep darkness doubly dark appears:
The long, long day is more than night without thee—
Thrice welcome night! for all sweet dreams about thee!

COME HOME! sweet Sister!—Ah! how much I miss thee—
All thy kind shielding from life's rude alarms—
From day's first dawn, when erst I sprang to kiss thee,
Till night still found me nestling in thine arms—
My lips may speak not!—but the heart's deep feeling,
The spirit's sadness, and the low-voiced tone,—

The round full drops, that will not brook concealing,
These tell of one deep grief—I AM ALONE!
Alone!—Without thee, dearest, what to me
Were even life's best gift—the power to see!

COME HOME! dear Sister!—Can the far-off stranger,
How kind soever, yield thee love like mine?
Can fairest scenes, through which thou rov'st, a ranger,
Give to thee joys like those which HOME enshrine?
Think how for thee my lonely spirit pineth,
Through the long weary hours, as, day by day,
Slowly the sun down yonder west declineth,
Whilst thou, my sun of life, art far away!
Thou canst not dream how this full heart is yearning
For that bless'd day which sees thee home returning!

COME HOME! sweet Sister!—Like a dove, all lonely,
My heart sits brooding in its silent nest,
O'er joys departed!—Come! thy presence only
Can make our home with cloudless sunshine bless'd!
E'en as the bird, whose gentle mate has perished,
Droopeth, no more to notes of rapture stirred—
So pine I now, amid the scenes we've cherished;
I cannot sing, where ever once were heard
Our strains commingled, ere thy steps did roam;—
My song is hushed!—Sister! sweet mate, come HOME!

BLANCHE.

"Fairest where all is beautiful and bright!"
W. D. GALLAGHER.

THOU of the sunny brow!
Thou of the raven hair!
Of cheeks where brighter roses grow
Than any gardens bear;—

Thou of the deep jet eye!
Of the clear ruby lip,
Where untold depths of feeling lie—
Sweets choicest are to sip;—

Thou of the queenly form!
The stately step and air,
As born to face life's wildest storm,
With soul to do and dare;—

Thou of the tender heart!—
The pure and lofty soul;
Which grace to thine each grace impart,
And crown thy beauteous whole,—

How shall I sing thy praise,
Fairest and best of earth?
Oh! far the poet's loftiest lays
Must fail to reach thy worth!

As to the HOLY ONE,
With proffered, heartfelt vows,
Is he who bendeth bless'd, alone,
Not HE to whom he bows,

So our pure love must be—
Kindled from thine own rays,
It can reflect no worth on *thee*,
But only us, who praise:

And as, to that great source
Which good to all imparts,
Our faltering accents most lack force
When fullest are our hearts,

So we, who best approve
Thy loveliness and worth,
Still want for words to speak the love
That in our hearts hath birth!

Not for that thou art fair
And beautiful, alone,
Though every bright endowment rare
Of beauty is thine own;—

Not for thy lofty brow—
Thine eye of sparkling jet—
Thy ruby lip—thy cheek's bright glow—
Thy raven hair—nor yet

For thy commanding form—
Thy queenly step and air;
Nor for thy face, though beauties swarm
In rich profusion there;—

Oh! not for one, or each
Of these bright gifts—thine all—
Thou livest ever in our speech—
Our blessings on thee fall;—

But for thine *inner* self—
The graces deeper set—
The wealth more worth than glittering pelf,
Gem, crown, or coronet!—

For the ennobled mind,
With generous feelings fraught;—
Rich gifts of intellect, combined
With pure and tender thought;—

The gentle heart, imbued
With charity for all;—
The lofty soul—high, yet subdued
To pity's softest call;—

The love for all are near;—
The self-forgetfulness;—
These are the traits that make thee dear,
For these *thyself* we bless!

For these, till life departs—
Through weal and wo the same—
Of earth's, the deepest on our hearts
Graven shall be *thy* name!

KATE.

KATE!—Oh! never fairer lass
  Set a poet's fancy dreaming!
In her face, as in a glass,
  Imaged lie thoughts gentlest seeming:
KATE!—she has a speaking smile!
Her's are many a witching wile;
KATE!—the music of her voice
Might the saddest heart rejoice;
With such melody 'tis fraught,
As from Heaven alone is caught!

KATE has all sweet, winning ways!
  KATE is truth—'twere sin to doubt her!
Grace, in all she does and says,
  Flings some nameless charm about her;
E'en the tresses of her hair
Have a grace none other wear;

In the well of her dark eye,
Founts of deepest feeling lie;
And the nectar of her lip
It were Heaven itself to sip!

KATE!—She is no light coquette!
Old friends leaving still for new ones;
Few her warm professions, yet
All her kindest words are true ones:
KATE!—she hath a balanced mind!
KATE is *to herself* defined—
Truth and reason her twain guides,
KATE weighs well, ere she decides;
Then, from right 'twere hard to move her,
As the Heaven of Truth above her!

KATE, alas! hath sorrow seen!
So she bears a gentle spirit;
One of those is she, I ween,
Who, 'tis said, "the earth inherit:"
Meek and lowly is her mind,—
Gentle all her ways, and kind,—
Playful yet is she, as one,
Sorrow never looked upon;
As a face of smiles and tears
Heaven's own sky alternate wears!

KATE!—If you shall win her love—
KATE will love you well and truly;
Not with worship paid above,
But as mortal, wisely, duly;—
Love that not with time shall change—
But unkindness may estrange;
KATE will ever be the same,
Pure and lovely as her name;
Light from Heaven to Earth still lending,
Till from Earth to Heaven ascending!

LINES IMPROMPTU.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THY BIRTH-DAY, LADY!—May it be
By thee so wisely numbered ever,
That still, as on towards Death's lone sea,
Thou glidest down Time's silent river,
It may be thine—Life's voyage past—
By prospering gales all gently driven—
Thy peaceful bark to moor at last,
Safely within the harbour—HEAVEN!

THE SPIRIT-GUARDIAN.

I LOVE to think—to those who've pass'd
  The borders of that shadowy land—
Where this frail mortal off is cast,
  And joined the bright immortal band,—
To them, the bless'd, it yet is given
  To know their place of mortal birth;
And while their glorious home is Heaven,
  To visit still their native earth!

I love to think, that they may choose
  Some fondly cherished one below,
For whose dear sake the perfect joys
  Of their high rest they thus forego:
O'er whom they watch with sleepless care,
  That were a task to aught but love;
To guard them here from every snare,
  And guide to yonder world above!

That this—Love's self-imposed task—
Once entered on, may know no rest
Nor weariness, till both shall bask
In God's own perfect sunshine, bless'd!
That, to the guardian-angel one,
As its own guerdon bright 'tis given,
To join—its love-sought mission done—
Its kindred spirit bless'd, in Heaven!

And then, dear lady, I have thought,
How gladly would I pass away,
If it might be my spirit's lot
To guard *thee* thus, by night or day!
How sweet would be the loved employ,
To hover round thy path of life;
To brighten thine each earthly joy,
And soothe thine every earthly strife!

In lighter hours of gladdened mirth,
I would not seek to check thy joy;
I would but whisper—Let not earth
Thy spirit's nobler part alloy!
I would but linger near, to bless
The warm outpourings of that heart
Imbued with gushing tenderness,
And shield it from the rankling dart!

But oh! to thee when sorrow came,
(As come it must, on earth, to all!)
Should slander foul asperse thy fame,
Or cares and griefs upon thee fall—
Should sickness, on thy snowy brow,
Or sorrow sad, upon thy face,
All beautiful and radiant now,
Their fell imprint of anguish trace—

How gladly then I'd seek to share
The burden of thine every grief,—
Assuage each pain—remove each care—
And seek for thine each ill relief:
How sweet 'twould be, to hover near
In sickness still, thy couch of pain;
And whisper in thy gentle ear
Of hope—of joy—of health again!

Or were lone disappointment thine—
Friends loved, by death all lowly laid—
How sadly sweet the task then mine:
To hover still around thy head—
The tear drops catch ere yet they fell—
Whisper of Faith and trust in God;
Or gently chide, shouldst thou rebel
Against thy Father's chastening rod!

Should passion, vanity, or pride,
Pervert thy heart, or gain thine ear,
That thou perchance shouldst turn aside
From thy bright Heaven-ward pathway here,
How would I mourn to see thee err—
How weep, to know thy wanderings vain—
How gently strive, till mine it were,
To lure and guide thee back again!

Such, lady! were the bless'd employ
Of my freed spirit, might I ask;
To guard thee *here* my fondest joy,
To guide thee *there* my sweetest task!
My one sole aim thy perfect weal,
My only wish thy good to see;
No care a weariness I'd feel
If it might yield a joy to thee!

And when was pass'd life's chequered day,
And the stern mandate high was given,
Which summoned thee from earth, away
To that, thy brighter home in Heaven,
I'd whisper softly to thee—Come!
On brighter glories ope thine eyes!
And gently waft thee to thy home,
'Mid sister spirits, in the skies!

These, lady! are the dreams, at times,
That to my wearied spirit come—
Sweet as the tones of church-bell chimes
That to the wanderer speak of home!
Yet, as he starts, to find all vain
The fancy that so life-like seems,
So wake I still, to seek again
The bliss, though it be but in dreams!

Ah! would that, not in dreams alone,
Were task so sweet my loved employ!
Wert thou but here, on earth, mine own,
Life would be one long dream of joy!
Were it my fate thy steps to lead—
Through life to share thy wo and bliss—
Mine were a spirit bless'd, indeed,
And earth were Heaven!—if but in this!

ODE AND DIRGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE CONSECRATION OF SPRING-GROVE CEMETERY NEAR CINCINNATI.

When from the Garden of the Lord,
The parent of our race was driven,
Then bare he forth this solemn word,
The sentence of avenging Heaven:—
Of his offence the fruit—'twas said,
"In sweat and toil thou still shalt mourn,
Till, to that dust of which first made,
Thy kindred body shall return!"

Long ages since have passed away,
But that high mandate, spoken first
To Adam, in earth's primal day,
Yet stands—its fiat unreversed!
To all his race (exempt no part,)
The sentence stern doth still remain;—
"From dust first made—of dust thou art,
And to it shalt thou turn again!"

And thus, to toil and suffering born,
  Fulfils our race its destiny;
Still the primeval curse we mourn—
  To live—to labour—and TO DIE!
Yet as, from Eden's peaceful shades,
  Reluctant, wandered man first forth—
So longs he still, in Eden glades
  To moulder back to native earth!

To use thus holy, dedicate,
  We set apart this hallowed space—
This sacred spot now consecrate,
  To us and ours a resting place:
And thus, upon this holy ground,
  While near yon city rears its head,
Another city do we found—
  A quiet "CITY OF THE DEAD!"

Not with the bustling noise and din,
  With which our living homes we rear,
To-day are we assembled in
  This sacred place, to feeling dear:
For is it not a hallowed spot—
  This place, where we shall ask to lie
With those we love?—Oh! is it not
  The holiest spot beneath the sky!

Here, where swells yon blue sky above,
And spreads this rich green sward beneath,
We set apart, for those we love,
A fit abode in gentle death;
That not, as with the saddened gloom
Of cloistered cell and time-worn towers,
We'd link the memories of the tomb—
But with the sunshine and the flowers!

Here gentle beauty shall they bring,
Whose resting place we thus prepare,
Where softest murmuring winds shall sing
Meet requiem o'er form so fair:
Here, too—when manhood's breast shall yearn
His wanderings o'er the earth to close—
His footsteps hither shall he turn,
To seek a last, sweet, calm repose!

Here shall the warrior calmly rest,
When mighty Death hath captive bound him,
Whose step the earth once proudly press'd,
With all his marshall'd hosts around him:
And here the poet, whose high lays
Of noble deeds have sung the story,
Shall sleep, forgetful of the praise
That once was all his proudest glory!

Why should the memories of the dead
Be ever those of gloom and sadness?—
Why should their dwellings not be made
'Mid scenes of light, and life, and gladness?
Here let the young and gay repair,
And in this scene of light and beauty,
Gather from earth, and sky, and air,
Lessons of life, and love, and duty!

And here, at many a dewy morn,
Or calm and holy eventide,
Affection's quiet steps shall turn,
And o'er each loved form softly glide—
Whose gentle shade, still hovering near,
The trembling mourner may accost;
And from each leafy tree-top hear
The voices of "THE LOVED AND LOST!"

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"—
Children we of mortal birth,
Of the earth created, must
Back return again to earth!

Rich or poor, or high or low,—
Learned or wise, it matters not;
To this end alike we go—
ALL must share the common lot!

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Earth when those we love shall leave,
For their ashes—sacred trust!—
Thus we consecrate the grave:
O'er their forms we place the sod—
Rear the sad sepulchral urn;
While their spirits, to the God
That bestowed them first, return!

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
As the solemn preacher saith,
O'er the relics of the just—
Lift we then the eye of Faith:
From this narrow house below,
To the mansions of the skies,
Every form beloved, we know,
Shall to glorious life arise!

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